

Sports Illustrated

DECEMBER 14, 1970 60 CENTS

TEXAS SLAUGHTERS ARKANSAS



Woo Woo Worster on a Rampage



There's nothing ordinary about this gin.
Or the people who give it.





Dark Powder \$ 9.00



New Eau de Chanel N° 5, 10, 20



Parfume from \$ 50



Spray Cologne, Spray Perfume, each \$ 6.00



Eau de Cologne from \$ 4.00

Every woman alive wants Chanel N°5

CHANEL

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Why are your car insurance rates up? Ask your own panel of experts.

Ask your doctor. Maybe he can tell you about the 56,400 people killed in auto accidents last year. And the 5 million injured. And the fact that doctors' fees have risen 39%; and hospital room rates 97%, in the past 8 years.

Ask your car repairman. He can tell you that parts and labor cost more. That more of a car has to be replaced in a collision. That the cost of the average accident repair has risen more than 50% in the last 10 years.

Ask your lawyer. He can tell you that long, expensive court delays are the rule. And that jury awards for liability have risen

about 25% since the year 1960.

Ask your policeman. He can tell you that there isn't enough of him to go around. That he'd like tighter laws to stop the slaughter he sees. And better licensing procedures, stiffer fines and faster justice for offenders.

Ask your automobile designer. Maybe he can tell you why greater safety isn't designed into cars. Why cars aren't designed against costly front and rear end damage.

Ask your bartender. Maybe he can tell you why people drink and drive. And why he serves them if he thinks they're going to.

Ask yourself. Maybe you've

had accidents you could have avoided. Or gone along with "slightly" inflated claims. Not been as active as you should in demanding safer streets and highways, better law enforcement against drunken driving, recklessness and speeding, safer cars, better inspections and licensing.

Ask John Volpe, Secretary of Transportation, too. Write him at Washington, D.C. 20005 and tell him how you feel. We already have. And we'll keep on doing it until it's safe for you and everyone to drive in America, and profitable for us to stay in the car insurance business.



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Credits on page 92

Next week

THE SPORTSMAN of the year, the winners of the year and the controversies of the year are part of a special issue that captures the excitement, vigor and concerns with which a new decade has begun. Jack Olsen writes of an athletic unparalleled in the history of his sport, a 26-page gallery of photographs depicts the high drama and low comedy of 1970 and a famous novelist, John Fowles, warns that all of us had better give ourselves a sporting chance—and fast. Charles Goren offers his traditional Christmas quiz, bowl games are previewed and the week's news, highlighted by pro football's Oakland-Kansas City confrontation, is covered fully.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Frank Deford, whose by-line has appeared on all manner of stories in this magazine, is too valuable a man to allow to biddle. Our editors agree, however, that he can use a rest every now and then, so on those rare moments when Frank is not out watching a basketball game or spying on Boston sports fans or following a frozen whale across the country, they have urged that he come home and sit down in a

admirable qualities," says Frank, "is that she is totally ignorant of most sports." She watches them all, therefore, with an unprejudiced eye. "It is valuable to have somebody like Carol around," says Frank. "She is my canary in the coal mine."

How does this work?

"Well," says Frank, "on Saturday a week or two ago, I was sitting there conscientiously engrossed in a game and making all the right responses when my wife came in to check up on my mental processes. Chris Schenkel was just saying, 'There's a good picture of Phunkett now.' I nodded like any good TV fan."

"It is?" said my wife.

"What is?" I said.

"Is that a good picture of whoever-he-is?" Carol asked.

"Sure enough, the picture in question consisted of a splendid view of the back of the Heisman winner's helmet, but Schenkel, who probably hadn't really looked at it either, said it was a good picture, so millions of viewers accepted his verdict without protest."

Deford believes that the best thing about sports he has seen on TV of late was a bit by Comedian David Frye doing an imitation of Howard Cosell interviewing Truman Capote.

"Sports telecasting has become so stylized, so conventional, that it practically begs for mimicry," says Frank. "We can expect to see much more of this in the future. So far Bob and Ray have been about the only ones to mine the field, and now they're on Broadway with it. They can use the same sports-broadcasting bits for years, because the scene never changes."

"That's another reason to have friends around when you watch TV," says Frank in conclusion. "The stuff is sometimes too depressing to be left alone with."

comfortable armchair. But they have also urged that he place the armchair in front of a television set, tune the latter into a sports event and keep a typewriter handy in case he feels a TV TALK coming on. An example of the result appears on page 13.

Frank is usually happy to oblige, providing we let him do his viewing in good company. "If you start watching games by yourself," he says, "you're bound to get the wrong feel. Even if you are getting paid to watch it, a ball game should be enjoyed in the raucous company of friends and other hangers-on."

Outside of the fellowship provided during the commercials, one advantage of watching TV with friends—according to Frank—is that their passing comments frequently provide good copy ("which I am not above stealing"). Another is that they keep you alert.

One of Frank's most valued co-viewers is his wife Carol. "Among her more



CRITIC DEFORD AT A LONELY MOMENT

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Dick Munro



Jim was a chip off the old block. No job. No schooling. No hope.

Jim's father never really had a chance.

He came north right after World War II. But he just wasn't equipped to work in the industrial north. He had little schooling. No training. So all his working life most of the jobs he could get were menial and part-time. With little hope for anything better.

Jim, without knowing it, was on his way to becoming his father. He spurned school. Missed classes. Didn't study. Was thinking of dropping out. And the future was a big blank.

Then in his junior year, Jim started to do a slow but sure turnaround. He dropped the idea of dropping out. And started working hard to stay in. He went to all his classes. And really started digging the books.

What makes a young man like Jim change? A youngster who didn't believe in the future. One who saw the future as a lot of stupid little jobs. And never enough money.

No one knows. Not even Jim.

But one of the things Jim always mentions was a new course he took at his high school in New York City. A professional automotive course initiated by Shell Oil Company. With Shell providing the lesson plans, the sophisticated electronic tune-up equipment and various

learning materials.

Jim says he sparked to the course immediately. He was intrigued by the fancy equipment. And liked the idea of diagnosing sick engines.

But more important than that, Jim started to see himself differently. He began to realize that he could become something...if he learned something. And the idea took hold.

Today Jim is well on his way. He's a sophomore in a New York City college, studying hard to be an engineer.

Jim is not the only success story in this course. So far, over 100 young men have graduated. Many have gone on to good paying jobs in automotive and aircraft repair.

But the real surprise: many of the youngsters have gone on to college.

Shell was delighted with the results. So they extended the course to 12 other high schools. With 25 more to follow.

There are a lot of young men out there just like Jim. Youngsters who can and want to be something.

All they need is a chance.

Shell wants to help even more of them get that chance.

(Jim is a real person. But his name is not Jim.)





Kodak AN EASTMAN POLYESTER FIBER.

Kodak This is the understated side of the new elegance in shirts—notched two-button cuff, carefully disciplined longer collar. Expressed in Schossberg's "Abbey Road Stripes," a yarn-dyed durable-press bird's-eye weave of Kodak polyester and cotton. Made to sell for about \$9.50. At fine stores.

Make mine Kodak® in a House of Yorke shirt.

EASTMAN CHEMICAL PRODUCTS, INC., subsidiary of Eastman Kodak Company, 1133 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036.
Kodak is the trademark for Eastman polyester fiber. Eastman makes only the fiber, not fabrics or apparel.



Seasons Greetings

(THE FOOTBALL, BASEBALL, HOCKEY, BASKETBALL, SKIING, TENNIS, SKINDIVING, ETC. SEASONS)

Say "Merry Christmas" with a Sports Illustrated subscription and you're giving a whole year full of jayous seasons.

Long after most other Christmas presents are put away and forgotten, your gift of Sports Illustrated will still be surprising somebody, week after astonishing week.

Because that's the way the world of sports is—always new and fresh and surprising. And nobody covers it like Sports Illustrated. With yards of color pictures, crackling game reports, predictions, player profiles, instruction by the top pros—and in every issue some

completely unexpected feature stories.

You can be sure *SI* fits every man to a T. Tall or short, fat or thin, young or old—they all love sports. And no matter what sport they love, we cover it like a torpoulin.

Use the attached card to order Sports Illustrated for somebody you like. It only costs \$12, or \$8.50 each for two or more subscriptions. Darned little for a whole year of Christmas.

Mail the card today. Then you can sit back and be jolly all season.

*Soft as
a Kiss*



There's the Bloody Mary and then there's the Bloody Merrier.



They're related, all right. But with V-8 Cocktail Vegetable Juice going for like, Bloody Merrier is no ordinary tomato. Her measurements: Ice, 4 jiggers of "V-8" (6 oz.) and 1 from your private stock. So stock up, because...

"V-8" makes the Bloody Merrier.

If it doesn't have "V-8," it's not a Bloody Merrier.



It took the best brains in the business to come up with a personal financial plan so complete, it should cost you \$100. (But it's free.)

A good person to see when it comes to financial advice is a professional "money manager."

They're usually very good. But unless you have very substantial assets, they may not even bother with you.

So we have another idea.

Phoenix Mutual will be glad to give you what we believe is the most comprehensive personal financial analysis anyone in the business has ever offered. Without charge.

To be specific, and that's what we will be, we'll tell you such things as how much of your money should be in savings, how much in insurance and how much in other areas.

Since our analysis comes to 15 or more pages, when we get through with you, you'll really know what you're doing.

In fact, we dare say by that time you'll see why some people feel we have "the best brains in the business."

So feel free to pick them.

We get more customers by showing people how smart we are.

Phoenix Mutual. Pick our brains.

We've come up with
a 15-page analysis

And it's
absolutely free

It'll help people
manage their money

Tell 'em how much
to put into savings,
insurance, etc

(brilliant!)

Maybe you've already discovered that you don't automatically get automatic color, automatic tuning and a brighter picture tube in a color TV. Unless you pay a premium price, get an oversized screen or an oversized cabinet.

Or unless you get a Panasonic. Because we put all the special automatic features in all our screen sizes from 12" (measured diagonally) up to our biggest. And as far as we can tell, we're the only manufacturer who does.

But when you get a Panasonic color TV, the only thing that's a work of art is the picture.

*We also have an all Solid-State 5" color TV for miniaturization lovers.

Our cabinets aren't Michigan Mediterranean. Instead, they're sleek contemporary jobs of chrome, midnight black and walnut grain. Which we think looks a lot better in most living rooms than anything else.

As for our automatic color, it's so automatic all you see are the results. Like skin colors that never look like a case of third-degree sunburn.

And getting our automatic picture is as simple as pressing a button. Once. After which the perfect picture stays perfect. Even if you switch channels or rooms.

Our brighter picture tube

is similar to the ones you pay extra for in the big expensive sets. But it's the only kind of color tube we make.

If you're looking for a color TV, ask any Panasonic dealer for the size you want. And take it for granted that you'll get all the works, instead of a working over.



You can get all the works without paying for all the woodwork.



PANASONIC®

just slightly ahead of our time.

200 Park Avenue, New York 10017. For your nearest Panasonic dealer, call 800 243-6066. In Conn., 800 542-0655. We pay for the call. Ask about our Color TVs.



The Responsibility of Being the Best—

There is always one best—a tribute to its producers, a recurrent delight to those privileged to enjoy it.

Rightly proud of their position, the proprietors of such a brand must also be deeply aware of the responsibility.

Every unit of their classic product must be the essence of perfection in all, and every, detail. It must stand comparison to the utmost if necessary, and yet by itself should be so completely satisfying that the suggestion of making any comparison is never broached.



101 Proof—8 Years Old—AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INC. New York-New York



Nobody ever gave her an electric watch before.

The Electric Timex never needs winding.
Because there's nothing to wind.

So if she has other things on her mind, winding her
watch is one thing she can forget about. A replaceable
energy cell powers this watch with steady electric
accuracy for one whole year.

Fantastic? We think she'll think so.

The Electric TIMEX. It never needs winding. \$50.

THE ART OF THE HOT COMB

1. Position one.

It's a day like any other day. (You know that because of the way your hair looks.)

Only this morning is going to be different. This morning you have *The Hot Comb*, from Remington, a new hot air dryer/styler that works with a comb or a brush.

Please pause for a moment. Before you begin there are a few things you should know about *The Hot Comb*.

The first thing you have to do is master a whole new combing principle. If you use the old plastered-down motion you used with a regular comb, you'll get nothing but a fatter version of the old plastered-down look. (Plus a few stray ends sticking out

2. The wrong way.



3. The right way.



all over your head.)

The right way to use *The Hot Comb* is just the opposite. You lift your hair up from the nape side, and turn the comb around and down. (This not only gets rid of stick-out pieces, it also helps shape your hair.)

When you think you've got it (about five minutes later), you're ready to go on

to more sophisticated techniques.

Like reverse-combing.

Reverse combing is designed to give your hair more height. (Especially three days out of the barber shop



4. Now you can be taller than she is.

when it's flat and limp and has lost the only style it ever had.)

To do it, simply comb your hair against the way it wants to go. Then comb it back. What you end up with is a full head of hair.

The Hot Comb can do even more. So much so that we've written a small book about it.

If you write Remington, Box 100, Bridgeport, Connecticut, we'll send you the book that tells how to deal with it.

We're not suggesting that *The Hot Comb* will change your whole life.

But it'll certainly change your mornings.



5. The graduate.



THE HOT COMB FROM REMINGTON

REMY BRAND



This little cigar
brings out the
Tall N' Slim
in you.



Tall and slim in today's modern style, our little cigar gives you 100mms of rich, mild tobacco you don't have to inhale to enjoy. Treat yourself soon to America's first 100mm little cigar with a charcoal filter. United States Tobacco Co., Greenwich, Conn. 06830.



Give the luck of the Scotch.

Johnnie Walker Red
So smooth-world's best selling Scotch

About
\$7.50
Fifth

PRICES MAY VARY ACCORDING
TO STATE AND LOCAL TAXES

Blended Scotch Whisky. 86 & Proof. Imported by SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., New York, N. Y.

TV TALK

ABC wrestles with the hardest form of football coverage and happily survives

Upon the conclusion of another season, it is only fair to say that ABC's college unit has the most difficult task in football TV. College games are much faster paced than the pros—an average of 150 plays to 110 per game—and neither the teams nor the players tend to be as familiar. So a lot more is happening and to a lot of people nobody knows. In addition, unless a team like Notre Dame is involved, only a small, geographically concentrated segment of the eight million homes tuned in has a rooting interest; if the game isn't close, the sets go off.

Using the same fellow who writes directions for income-tax forms, the NCAA has made life even tougher for ABC by working out a Byzantine formula that instructs the network as to what teams can be on TV and how often. What this comes down to, essentially, is that VMI and Chattanooga are available when ABC wants Texas and Ohio State. To further complicate things, almost all the games are chosen in March. Finally, and most trying of all from the network viewpoint, the interest in college football is highest where there are the fewest sets and lowest precisely where there are the most—in the Eastern megapolises, which has more than 20% of the nation's sets and where Temple-Villanova is a big game. This area, not so incidentally, is where the people live who decide what commercial time to buy.

It should come as no surprise, then, to hear that ABC figures to lose a cool \$1 million or so on its college football telecasts this year. When the present ABC contract runs out after the 1971 season, college football will be in for a tougher game, but for now, considering the loving and very imaginative treatment that ABC gives the colleges, NCAA Chief Walter Byers should get down on his knees and salaam toward the Hall of Fame at Rutgers every time he sees the network's initials.

ABC's affectionate philosophy of coverage is that a college game is a different kind of sporting experience from that offered by the pros and that TV should try to capture its freer, livelier spirit as well as its accelerated action. While the campus view that ABC presents is a shade of icy bland, that is far enough. Those watching at home are, after all, escapist, and it is not the responsibility of ABC to give equal time to the SDS just to prove it is right on in the new college scene.

Unfortunately, the ABC effort has been

distorted by all the outside demands. First, the NCAA requires that a phony spot commercial be run for each competing school. With a mail-order voice and stock shots that went out with *Good News*, this labored bunk goes a long way toward destroying the spontaneity and spirit that ABC works hard to capture. The NCAA makes every college sound like Oxford, and half the time you know there are some players down on the field majoring in alphabet.

Second, the insidious marching-band lobby virtually has forced ABC to devote its whole halftime show to cacophonous gum-muckery that long ago became a parody of itself. It is especially unfortunate that ABC forfeits halftime dialogue, because the network puts on an outstanding pregame show, one that is particularly valuable to the viewer who is not familiar with the teams. This year a variety of approaches were tried, always introducing some element or factor unique to the upcoming game. Even the most confused fan could start off with at least a touch of attachment or direction.

Sadly, after the kickoff the viewer gets too little guidance from the broadcasters, Chris Schenkel and Bud Wilkinson. They are so trapped with the necessity to describe every play, all 150 of them, that they seldom have any time for the game as a whole. ABC mimographs meticulous game plans for its cameras and, considering how fast the action tumbles on, the directors do a superb job of punching in playbacks, which Coach Wilkinson never fails to stay up with. However, this leaves no time to mull over larger questions that the viewer really wants answers to. Some random examples: Against Texas, Oklahoma simply could not complete a pass. Was the quarterback that rotten a passer or was it the Texas defense? Nothing said Stanford scored at will the first three times it had the ball against Washington, then could hardly make a first down. How come? Answer came there none—just the usual numbing devotion to play-by-play. Like most well-paid TV announcers, neither Wilkinson nor Schenkel has any heart for venturing real opinion or honest criticism. Speaking of old speak-no-evil, Chris Schenkel has attained new heights. Now he sidesteps naming the player who commits an atrocious personal foul when it is obvious to all in the stadium, and Producer Chuck Howard is right there pleading with him to, for once, impart some unpleasant news. But Schenkel's is the telephone-book approach to football telecasting: say a lot of names and thank a lot of people and you will have offended no one. It is a 1950s style, and it conflicts with any ABC effort that is otherwise moving very professionally into the new decade.

—FRANK DIORIO

Creating a better impression

Cross Writing Instruments in
Luxious Chapter 12 and 14 8K
Gold Filler. Starting and Save 16
K at Gold From five to fifty
dollars each At Better Stores
Windside



SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT CREAMER

SAME OLD CHARLIE

Charles O. Finley, the manager-a-minute owner of the Oakland Athletics baseball team, is having familiar problems in his unfamiliar role as an ice hockey boss. When Finley took over the Oakland Seals (which he promptly renamed the California Golden Seals), he indicated that the contracts of club officials were not part of the deal and suggested to General Manager Frank Selke that he accept a new contract. Selke, who thought he was in the fourth year of a four-year contract, took one look at the terms of the new arrangement, said, "No, thanks," and quit. Finley next tried to put Vice-President Bill Torrey into the general manager's job—with a new contract—but Torrey said, "It does not meet the terms or conditions of my present contract . . . and I am naturally unwilling to accept anything less than that which was agreed to when I first joined the Seals." Then Torrey quit, too, and, like Selke, consulted an attorney.

Rebuffed twice and facing lawsuits, Finley made Coach Fred Glover "temporary general manager." With the Seals firmly entrenched in last place in the NHL's West Division, Glover might as well be called a temporary coach, too.

WAY TO GO, HE! YOU, TOO, MAO!

Those of you who want to become sports writers, pay attention. Early in November, Communist China's Ni Chih-chin high-jumped 7' 6¼" to surpass Valery Brumel's seven-year-old world record (SCORECARD, Nov. 30). Technically, it was not a world record because China is not a member of the International Amateur Athletic Federation, the world governing body for track and field, but even so it was a superb performance by a distinguished athlete. Now for the sports-writing lesson. Here is how the moment of triumph was reported in *The Peking Review*, an English-language publication put out by the Chinese:

"When the bar was lifted to 2.29 meters, the 80,000 spectators enthusiastically

encouraged him by reciting Chairman Mao's teaching: 'Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory.' Comrade Ni Chih-chin successfully flew over the bar. The whole stadium instantly burst into thunderous applause and the spectators cheered: 'Long live Chairman Mao!' and 'Long live the victory of Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line!'"

Tex Maule ought to learn to write like that.

IT DOES NOT COMPUTE

A legal dispute has ended (temporarily, at any rate) the computerized football game of the week, an artificial pre-enactment of an upcoming NFL game that had been carried on 80 stations this fall. It may be a historical breakthrough. First, no more computerized football, then maybe no more computerized baseball and computerized fights. The ultimate, of course (perhaps too much even to hope for), could be a return to sport as played by real live people, with not so much as a diode to their name.

YOU PAY YOUR MONEY

Several pro football clubs had angry reactions from fans when they tried to add exhibition games to their season-ticket packages. In Baltimore resentment was so loud and insistent that the Colts backed off and continued their long-standing policy of playing no preseason games at home. Now the Colts have reversed themselves again and have announced that they will play three night exhibitions in Memorial Stadium next summer. But season-ticket buyers will have a choice: they can buy a seven-game deal for the regular season only, or a 10-game package that includes regular season and the exhibitions. On the surface, what the Colts have done seems to be simple common sense, but it represents something of a gamble. Preseason games historically have been a bust in Baltimore. The last one, in 1961 against the then inept Minnesota Vikings, drew

only about 10,000 people. An even earlier one with the San Francisco 49ers was attended by all of 7,000, and because the 49ers had been guaranteed \$20,000, the Colts management took a financial bath. However, the club today has more than 50,000 season-ticket holders and has sold out for 49 straight regular-season home games. It hopes a good part of that enthusiasm will be reflected in exhibition attendance.

WORMS ACROSS THE SEA

First came word from Florida about fiddling for worms. A man named Robert Taylor won the first annual International Worm Fiddling championship before a crowd of 700 by fiddling 21 crawlers out of the ground. There were 58 people in the squirming field, including several ladies, one of whom finished third to Taylor with 19 worms. You fiddle for worms, it was duly explained, by pounding a stick into the ground and rubbing it so that it vibrates. The vibrations bring worms to the surface. Different folks have different strokes, some



using an ax handle, others sticks of wood. Taylor himself used an ax head. Each entrant had a 25-foot square surrounding the stake, and all worms that surfaced in that area counted. Taylor's 21 wrigglers gave him possession of a three-foot-high trophy surmounted by—what else?—a six-inch worm.

A few days after the big contest, London's *Daily Telegraph* ran an item about



Tareyton is better. Charcoal is why.

Tareyton's
activated charcoal
delivers a better taste.
A taste no plain white
filter can match.



"That's why us Tareyton
smokers would rather
fight than switch."





Give Canadian Lord Calvert,

the world's best-dressed whisky.

It comes in a lovely blue-green gift-wrap, or a beautiful red giftwrap, or an exquisite green giftwrap.

Whichever fifth you choose, it's still the same fine, imported Canadian Lord Calvert inside. Still the same golden blend of the finest whiskies in Canada from our own six distilleries.

But it's nice to have a choice.



Taylor's victory in a column called "Around America." In the U.S., when an oddball item like this appears, people chuckle and show it to their neighbors. In England, they write letters. One to the *Daily Telegraph* said, "Reading your report of America's latest sport, I was reminded of an incident which occurred in 1958. . . . On August Bank Holiday, British European Airways chartered a helicopter to Cadbury's of Bourneville to publicize their products. It landed on the firm's smoothly rolled playing field adjoining the factory. The ground was soft, and as the machine moved across it thousands of worms wriggled up to the surface to greet the pilot. Everyone present was mystified, not to say slightly alarmed, but experts later decided that this Pied Piper act was caused by the vibration set up by the rotor."

In England, letters bring more letters. A few days later the *Telegraph* printed two more messages. One said, testily, "It is not necessary to call up worms with the aid of a helicopter. Years ago, on our great astonishment, worms came up after we danced eightsome reels on our grass tennis court." And the other: "Worm fiddling? Nothing new. While staying at an hotel in St. Ives, Cornwall, I watched a gull lustily stamping the greensward, collecting the worms and then moving to another patch to repeat the operation."

And that's about it on worm fiddling.

TIGHT GAMES

It was a time of extremes for basketball teams from Jacksonville, Jacksonville University went north to New York City and ran up the highest point total ever achieved in Madison Square Garden by a college team (and tied the best ever by the pros) when it beat St. Peter's 152-106. Back home, Country Day School of Jacksonville was having trouble with Cullahan Junior High. Country Day was 0 for 20 from the floor, 0 for 7 from the foul line and lost 70-0.

THE LITIGATION HANDICAP

Lester Piggott, the preeminent British jockey (51, Oct. 26), has instituted a suit against a French racing paper for defaming him in an article that appeared last August, and he is thinking about suits against other publications for similar derogatory comments on his riding. Piggott says of the article, "It was such

a load of rubbish I ignored it at the time, but when it was followed last month by more outrageous comment in another French paper, something had to be done."

At first glance, Piggott appears to be surprisingly sensitive for a professional athlete. But he does a great deal of riding in France, and in France a jockey does well to keep his riding tactics above suspicion. The renowned French rider named Roger Poincelot was set down for eight days in April 1966 by racing stewards at Longchamp for a questionable ride on a horse named Scallywag. A man named Luca, who had bet on Scallywag, sued Poincelot for 100,000 francs; after years of hearings and judgments and appeals, Luca last month was awarded 15,000 francs (\$3,000). Poincelot is appealing.

The decision seems fraught with significance, not just for Piggott and other jockeys, but for bettors, too. Now when a man with a losing ticket complains, "The boy give him a bad ride," he won't be inclined to let it go at that but will start looking around the clubhouse for a lawyer.

LOT OF HEART

A "football heart team" that stands by during football games at the University of Nebraska stadium in Lincoln has given emergency care to 11 spectators who were stricken at games over the past five years. Dr. Stephen W. Carveth, the heart surgeon who developed the mobile coronary care unit, says he decided to form the team after he learned that three persons had died of heart attacks in the stadium during the 1965 season. "The most ardent football fans are likely to be those in the 40 to 60 age group," he explains. "Usually they've driven a number of miles to the game. They may have had a drink or two before the game, which would reduce their heart-pumping ability. Then they climb up 100 steps to reach their seats. Before the game even starts they are in a very stressful condition and are setups for heart attacks."

Eight of the stadium heart patients collapsed in the stands and were reported by volunteer spotters. The other three walked to the unit and complained of severe chest pains. Examination revealed that they were in the first stages of a heart attack. All survived.

Another fan, a prominent Lincoln attorney named Hymen Rosenberg, had a

heart attack last December at the Sun Bowl in El Paso, where he had gone to watch Nebraska play Georgia. This year his doctor told Rosenberg he could not watch Nebraska play unless he wore a telemetric surveillance device, which would allow the heart team to monitor his reactions to the excitement. During the game an alarm sounded via walkie-talkie that Rosenberg's pulse had ceased to register, and a volunteer ran to the attorney's seat in the grandstand. The story had a happy ending. It turns out that when a fan wired for cardiac response enters the heavy concrete enclosure of the men's room, the signal fades out.

IN ANOTHER COUNTRY

Writers and broadcasters around the Big Eight customarily make preseason predictions of the order of finish in conference football play. Picking Nebraska to win this year was no great trick, but the rest of the league was amazingly tangled. Kansas State and Oklahoma ended in a tie for second and third, Colorado and Missouri in a tie for fourth and fifth, and Kansas and Oklahoma State in a tie for sixth and seventh. Iowa State was last. Impossible to predict, but John Brooks of KWTW in Oklahoma City did it, with perfect accuracy. "I never called the race right before," Brooks said, "but this year I decided the teams were mostly so even that there was no way they could play a complete conference schedule without some ties. I took it from there."

One last note, football fans. Brooks' special field is broadcasting hockey.

THEY SAID IT

• Danny Lawson, Minnesota North Stars forward, after a head-on collision with Pat Quinn of the Vancouver Canucks shattered Lawson's jaw: "We've got to stop meeting this way."

• Tom McCauley, after the Atlanta Falcons shifted him from wide receiver to defensive back: "I knocked down so many passes from our quarterback instead of catching them, I guess they figured this was the right position for me."

• George Halas, owner of the Chicago Bears, discussing his 53-year-old brother Frank, who is still active with the Bears: "I wanted him to retire at 70 and I asked him again at 80, but he said, 'Who can do a better job?' I agreed. But I am going to insist he give up the work of traveling secretary when he becomes 90." **END**



(A significant sidelight to Dickens' *Christmas Carol* from the MONEY file of frustrating cases)

MONEY MAN: But Mr. Scrooge, you do realize what a disastrous effect Marley's death would have on your business?

SCROOGE: Indeed it would. But why should he die? I work him 16 hours a day. Keeps him out of trouble.

MONEY MAN: That's very good of you, I'm sure. But the unexpected can happen even to the hard-working. And with a MONEY key man policy ...

SCROOGE: For which, no doubt, I'd pay heavy premiums.

MONEY MAN: Far less than you might think. And consider all the advantages. Ready cash to offset any losses while finding a suitable replacement. Or to

redeem stock. Or to assure the credit stability of your firm.

SCROOGE: The good name of lovable Ebenezer Scrooge is enough to get credit anywhere. Anyway, didn't I tell you nothing would happen to Marley? So, as for your MONEY key man policy, let me repeat—bah! humbug!

Ed. Note: It is our contention that had Ebenezer Scrooge taken out the MONEY key man policy and not suffered business woes on Marley's death, he might have mellowed with age instead of becoming an increasingly crotchety old buzzard. Which, ordinarily, would bring us to the moral that follows. But first, may we at MONEY wish you all a Merry Christmas and, in the words of Tony Tan, "God bless us, every one!"

MORAL:

The smart thing is to prepare for the unexpected.

The smart way is with insurance from MONEY.

MONEY
MUTUAL OF NEW YORK

The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York

THE NEW TOYOTA COROLLA has no reason to be afraid of heights. This year it's almost ten inches longer than it was last year (161.4 inches long.) So even six footers can stretch out. And almost two inches wider (59.3 inches wide.) So four good-sized people can expect no battles with leg cramps or arm cramps or neck cramps.

All this room is nice. But the Corolla's \$1798* price includes much more than space.

It includes a stylish body. Front fender sideights neatly tucked into a wrap-around grill. Two air scoops at the

windshield. Larger taillights.

It includes things to help keep the car around long past its time. Four coats of paint. An undersealed chassis to drive away rust and corrosion. A frame and body welded into one piece. And a five-main-bearing engine.

It includes luxury and convenience items. White sidewall tires. Tinted glass. Thick snap-down nylon carpets. Fully reclining bucket seats. All-vinyl interior. Glove box. And a recessed rear parcel shelf for more storage area.

It includes a 73-horsepower engine that cruises at 78 mph. Yet still squeezes about 28

miles to-on each gallon of gas.

And it includes a sealed lubrication system. So the chassis never has to be greased.

It doesn't include air conditioning or automatic transmission or AM/FM radio or stereo tape deck. They're extra. (Oh well, you can't have everything.)

By now, it should be obvious that \$1798 gets you plenty. Even if you're six feet tall.

Seven feet. That's another story.

TOYOTA

We're quality oriented

**Most cars under \$1800
are for people under six feet.**



*MSRP. Excludes destination charge, tax, license, and optional equipment. Dealer price may vary. ©1978 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc.

BODY LANGUAGE, 1970

They were calling it the Big Shoot-out again but it wound up being the Big Murder. What happened was that Darrell Royal ordered his Texas Longhorns to quit fooling around with these dreaded Arkansas games and get, as he put it, "body on body." Texas hadn't done that last year, he insisted, and that was why President Nixon and everybody else saw such a close one up in the Ozarks. This would be different, Royal promised the night before the game. "We're gonna get folks on folks and it's gonna be *Worster and Bertelsen*," he said.

It was that, all right. It was Steve Worster and Jim Bertelsen and Jim Bertelsen and Steve Worster, over and over, and they just kept on coming until a classic rivalry that is always a rather panicky ordeal for both teams was nothing more than a 42-7 ho-hummer for Royal and Texas—a team that proved beyond a doubt it was the best in the country, at least over the regular season.

The shocking thing was the thoroughness. Arkansas is no dog, as most people know, and Frank Broyles' Razorbacks are accustomed to saving their best game of the season for Texas. They were expected to do the same last Saturday, but Royal felt something Arkansas didn't.

"Last year," he said, "we did a lousy job of getting ready. The coaches, I mean. If the kids don't have all that heart, we don't win 15-14. We're ready. We're gonna get body on body and be angry."

It's hard to imagine a team readier than Texas this year. Or madder. From the very start it looked as if some carpenter would have to be called in to un-nail the Texas blockers from the Arkansas defense. Texas owned the scrimmage line on the game's first play, when Bertelsen went 13 yards, and never stopped owning it until Royal's Wishbone T had cut up Arkansas for 464 yards rushing.

As applied by Texas to Arkansas it spoke louder than words, although

Darrell Royal had some of those, too, as the Longhorns won their 30th straight game **by DAN JENKINS**

A record Memorial Stadium crowd of more than 68,000 people sent up that old familiar chorus of "Woo . . . Woo . . . Woo" for Worster, but they should have invented something for Bertelsen as well, not to mention the offensive line. The line just rocketed out as a single torture device and made the normally quick Arkansas rush look fast frozen and then flattened.

The linemen deserve mention: Tackles Bobby Wuensch and Jerry Siemer, Guards Bobby Mitchell and Mike Dean, Center Jim Achilles and Tight End Deryl Comer. These were the fellows who sprang Bertelsen for 189 yards and Worster for 126, the men who blew them in for five touchdowns. Quarterback Eddie Phillips got the other score—and that was only fair, for Phillips wasn't exactly asleep.

Texas simply kept the football, the way Royal loves to, and the Longhorn touchdown drives monopolized what seemed like the entire afternoon. The Horns roared 76 yards the first time they got the ball, and scored. They went 83 yards the third time they got it, and scored. It was 14-0 at that point. Arkansas got back in the game with two screens and an interference call, and it was 14-7. But . . .

Right here came the game's only truly dramatic moment. A scramble by Bill Montgomery, another screen and another penalty helped move Arkansas to a first down at the Texas three-yard line. Then, out of somewhere, came this old-fashioned thing called the goal-line stand. Arkansas took four running shots

at the Texas middle and wound up on the one. That sent Frank Broyles heading for the worst loss of his career. Texas nursed the ball 99 yards—slowly, punishingly. Worster and Bertelsen—to a touchdown that so demoralized the Razorbacks they were never again what they might have been.

"I want to say something about Eddie Phillips," said Royal later. "We kid a lot about the pass around here [Texas threw a barrage of five against Arkansas], but Eddie puts the ball in the air, too. He just throws it sideways on the pitch instead of forward."

Funny, Darrell, funny. "Let me tell you another thing. You can talk about your drop-back passers and your pro prospects all you want to, but it takes some kind of athlete to run our team the way Eddie does. It takes an athlete to read the option, make the handoff, keep and run as well as he does, or make the pitch and then throw a block. You take the guys with the stats. I want Eddie."

Phillips, who has good looks a bit on the order of Robert Redford and who may now have finally outrun the shadow of James Street, his predecessor, was confident about the outcome before, during and after the game.

"We've never been so well prepared," said Phillips. "I guess it was about as close to perfect as we can play."

There was special significance to the day for Steve Worster. He had been forbidden to play by his mother because he had been injured—a hip pointer, they called it—in the Texas A&M game. Early last week the papers and radio stations were full of gloomy reports. So Woo got a call from his home town of Bridge City in East Texas.

continued

Arkansas' Bill Montgomery Replaces Texas' Terry Collins plunges and big gain as Bertelsen runs to much daylight in Austin rout.







BODY LANGUAGE *continued*

As he remembers the conversation, it went like this:

Mrs. Worster: How bad are you hurt?

Steve: I'm fine. I'll be all right.

Mrs. Worster: You're not going to play. It's not that important.

Steve: It's what?

Mrs. Worster: You're not playing. You'll injure your body.

Steve: My body's not hurt. It's my hip.

Worster thought his body was hurt after the opening kickoff, however. His shoulder, at least. He took a lick on it, and that made the hip start hurting, too. "But I couldn't get any sympathy from anybody," he said, "so I just decided I'd have to play no matter what."

Which is the way all the Longhorns felt on the way to their 30th win in a row and the challenge of playing Notre Dame again in the Cotton Bowl.

"It was the most inspired Texas team we've met," Broyles sighed. "And you'd have to say the best."

That was just the team. You should have seen the town. The pregame madness of a Texas-Arkansas weekend has gotten to be as much fun as anything. Last year, of course, there was a President on hand in tiny Fayetteville and the teams were ranked No. 1 and No. 2 and playing for their very lives. But it has been a fairly big shoot-out every year since Royal arrived at Texas and Broyles arrived at Arkansas. Sometimes they might be playing for something ordinary, like one of the seven Southwest Conference championships Royal has

continued



Up, up but not over goes Bill Burnett against Texas goal-line stand. Bill Montgomery tried, too, and got sore when the officials said no.



now won, but an uncommon number of times a national title has been the prize. Last week Darrell got his hands on another of those—his third.

Unusual mystery was added to the buildup when Royal, for the first time in his career, held private practices every day but Friday.

"Not to put in the spread or the quick kick," he grinned, "just to keep the kids from being bothered. We'll play each other normal, like always."

Early on, Royal had moaned about injuries, and this amused Broyles. "They'll all play," he predicted, "but Darrell will act like they can't unless Oral Roberts heals 'em."

When Worster's hip bruise progressed to the point where it appeared he could start, Broyles said, "Told you so." Royal said, "I'm damn sure not going to apologize for Steve getting better."

All along Guadalupe Street in Austin, the drag where the street kids spread their wares—pipes, jars, paintings, posters—there were the predictable signs. ARKANSAS WILL COMMIT SUICIDE, said one. PIGGIES FEET STINK, said another. BEAT UCLA, said the most far-sighted of the lot, this one going beyond Arkansas and Notre Dame in the Cotton Bowl to next season's opener.

The day before the game there was one part of the campus which seemed oblivious to the event. Under some trees over near the student union a rock festival went on all afternoon while a couple of thousand students danced and relaxed. At Les Amis, a sidewalk café next door to the *Texan Observer* office, kids looked bewildered at orange-painted cars honking past, loaded with straight kids yelling "Hook 'em" and all that. One man with a beard and another without a shirt planned to watch the Big Shoot-out from the rooftop of the Dry Creek Cafe, about five miles away in the hills, with several pitchers of beer and some cookies.

The Arkansas team got in Friday about noon and was greeted at the airport by a few hundred fans and a man in a red shirt who stood on the runway and led yells. He was Catfish Montgomery, father of the Arkansas quarterback. "We ready," said Catfish.

There were fans in the eyes of an Arkansas coach, and belling banners, but at least one Hog here: Jon Richardson on tearing run.

THE DARRELL AND FRANK TREASURY

Beyond their winning teams and the frantic games they play against each other, Darrell Royal of Texas and Frank Broyles of Arkansas are noted for the pungency and point of their coachly sayings. Here is a selection.

SAYS DARRELL

You've got to be in a position for luck to happen. Luck doesn't go around looking for a stumblebum.

We don't want any candy stripes on our uniforms. These are work clothes.

Three things can happen when you pass—and two of 'em are bad.

Some of our kids aren't very big, but they'll screw their navel to the ground and scratch and bite and spit at you.

We've had some kids, like James Street, where something good sort of followed 'em around and waited to happen.

Every coach likes those old trained pigs who'll grin and jump right in the slop for him.

Defending Arkansas is like sticking your hand in a bucket of minnows.

Frank's making enough money in Arkansas to burn a wet elephant.

SAYS FRANK

Luck follows speed.

If you fight a game all week, you'll give out after the first quarter when you play it.

At the end of the season they don't ask who you played, just how many you won.

A good team follows the three E's: enthusiasm, encouragement and execution.

I'm a secret optimist but a press-conference pessimist—like most coaches.

The tinder you are the more you have to think. And you'd better think fast in the fourth quarter.

I wish I could be clever like Darrell, but every time I think up something it's three days after I should have said it.

My wife says it's a shame we always have to play Darrell in games like these.

The team went on to Georgetown, 30 miles away, for Frank Broyles learned a long time ago to keep his boys out of Austin on the night before a game. Back in 1962, at one of the earlier big ones, the Razorbacks had stayed at a downtown hotel. At 7 a.m. Saturday a golf cart pulled up in front of the hotel, loudspeaker blaring a recording of the Arkansas fight song. It could be heard for blocks. Two sportswriters—well known to Broyles—who had not quite made it to bed yet, wandered over to look at the contraption and sat down in it. Just then Broyles came out of the hotel in his pajamas and a rage. Arkansas has stayed a long way out of town on Friday ever since.

Before last year's game the Texas coach, staff and team were amazed that a send-off pep rally in Austin's Memo-

rial Stadium had drawn 25,000. This time they were even more impressed. Some 37,000 turned out on Friday evening to whoop and holler and hear Royal and team members and, inevitably, a few politicians. The high point of the rally came when Texas' All-American tackle, Bobby Wuenisch, got up to speak in a surprisingly high-pitched voice. There were light giggles. Wuenisch bristled at the microphone and said, "You can laugh but we're gonna whup 'em good."

Bobby Wuenisch was certainly right about that. And when it was all over, when the university tower was gleaming orange in the night, as it does on such happy occasions, even a fair share of Austin's hippies were dancing in the streets. That might have been Royal's biggest accomplishment of the week.

END



Moments before the last knockdown Ali classes in (above), strikes back as Oscar struggles to rise, then raises his arms in victory.





A MUDDLE, THEN A ZINGER

I've never wanted to whup a man so bad," said Muhammad Ali, while fanning his usual hysteria last week. "I'm gonna put some soul on his head." The head belonged to Oscar Bonavena, and whatever else Ali put on that massive object for 14 rounds Monday night in Madison Square Garden, it was far from soul. Then in the 15th, long past his prediction of "nine and he's mine," Ali—with his body worn from Oscar's inexorable, crude rushes—land a left hook on the Argentinian's jaw. It dropped Bonavena and consequently saved an evening that can be critically called a muddled performance—but with a zinger of a finish.

Muhammad leveled Oscar twice more in that last round, the final time coming at 2:03 as Bonavena, his hands nearly at his sides, caught a straight right. It ended a long, grueling night for both fighters, although hardly one that ever seemed in the balance, had Bonavena survived, the bout would have belonged to Ali, say, 11-3-1. More questionable was Ali's display against a fighter who, in another time, he would have carved up, hung out to dry for a while and then neatly executed. That was what many thought he would do in this second fight of his comeback, especially since he had seemed genuinely angered at Oscar's references to him as a homosexual and a black who did not smell very nice.

As it was, Ali's usually brilliant orchestration was quite disconnected. Whether his determination to follow his script got in the way, or whether he was confused and repelled by Oscar's grotesque style, he seldom resembled the fighter who once made each round a masterpiece, if not with his punching, then with imagination and control. His blows, often without snap, were fewer and more lackluster than at any time in his career, causing Bundini (Ali's witch doctor) to sob imploringly into Muhammad's ear between rounds.

Joe Frazier, who waits for Ali, reacted less emotionally. After the seventh round he wanted to go to sleep, calling the fight "the dullist I ever saw."

—MARK KRAM

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL LEEFER

MESSAGE FROM MINNESOTA: THREE DOTS AND A DASH

That's the front four—three blacks and a white—and last week Chicago was on the receiving end as the Vikings clinched the title by PAT PUTNAM



Okay, fellows, said Coach Bud Grant to his Minnesota Vikings, our quarterback this week against Chicago will be Bob Lee. Bob Lee? The punter? No, that was last year. This year, after Joe Kapp went off to seek his fortune in Boston, Lee, a 17th-round draft choice from University of Pacific, became Gary Cuozzo's backup. Two weeks ago, when Cuozzo severely sprained an ankle against the Jets, Lee went in and threw four interceptions. The Vikings couldn't have cared less. With Kapp, Cuozzo, Lee or, if Grant so chose, with pudgy Fred Zamberletti, the trainer, at quarterback, they knew they could beat Chicago just as they had beaten almost everybody else—with their crushing defense. And, of course, last Saturday in Bloomington, Minn. they did, 16-13.

Frozen by Viking weather and savaged by the Vikings' superb front four, Chicago managed only two field goals against the best defense in football but made the game typically Viking close by scoring on an 88-yard kickoff return by Cecil Turner. The win was Minnesota's 10th in 12 games and enabled it to become the first NFL team to clinch a division title. Lee matched Turner's run with a 33-yard scoring pass to John Henderson, and Fred Cox more than matched Chicago's field goals with kicks of 21, 23 and 10 yards. But enough about points.

The day of the game broke clear and cruelly cold, with a wind gusting up to 40 mph turning 9° weather into a 33°-below chill factor and the lawn at Met-

ropolitan Stadium into solid green concrete. The Bears came out gloved and with giant heaters set up behind their bench. The Vikings came out bare-handed and heaterless. "We're out there to play football, not to keep warm," said Grant. "We'll be cold, but we'll survive. I want our players' full attention on the game every minute, not on keeping their backsides warm."

It's all part of the Grant master plan that in four years has turned the Vikings from a gang of violent individuals into a tightly disciplined football team. "Take our game with Green Bay last year," Grant said. "It's in the fourth quarter and it can go either way. Then their Donny Anderson gets hurt. They send in a substitute. Now he's got to be the warmest man on the field. He should have been, he was standing next to the heater all day. He comes in and—pop!—he fumbles, we recover and that was the ball game. And we didn't fumble once the whole game. As long as we live in this country, we must have the discipline of learning to play in it."

"If Grant says we'll win by freezing, then, by God, we'll freeze and win," said one Viking. "But I sure wish he'd tell my toes they weren't so cold."

And so last Saturday the Vikings huddled on the sideline, huge men hunched over and stamping their feet for warmth, preparing to attack Chicago with their defense. Other coaches talk about getting good field position for their offense. Grant talks about good field position for his defense. "The defense wins, the

offense sells tickets," he preaches. He took the role of quarterback and made it a bit part. "Kapp didn't win for us last year," he says. "He was just one-fourth of the team. That's all Cuozzo is. That's all Lee is."

But then Grant has the front four, the Purple Gang or, as they sometimes call themselves, the Three Dots and a Dash, an allusion to the three blacks—Jim Marshall, Alan Page and Carl Eller—and the one white, Gary Larsen. Eller is the bachelor and free spirit; Larsen, the gentle family man, Marshall, the happy adventurer, making the most of every one of life's minutes; Page, at 25, the youngest, a little bit of each but in sum like none.

"Alan is still dealing in his potential self," says Eller, the 6' 6" defensive end. "It would be hard right now to describe him, except to say he's truly a great person. Marshall is a guy who deals in the fantastic. Gary is a quiet person, a guy who enjoys being with his family, and he has a beautiful family. I think this makes him a beautiful person."

"Clothes are a passion with Carl," says Larsen. "Everybody kind of wonders what he's going to wear next. Last year he had a Cadillac limousine and he'd sit in the back and let a friend of his named Blue drive him around. Anybody else would have felt self-conscious, but not Carl. Then one day he just got tired of that and sold the car."

At a recent gathering, Eller appeared in a wolfskin coat, black leather bells and a cap of wolf heads. *continued*



End Jim Marshall (above left) sits up the Minnesota defense on a chessboard; End Carl Eller models a wolfskin coat before the Minneapolis mansion he shares with his mother; Thelma Gary Lerken throws his daughters for no gain; and Tachia Allen Page is in the chair.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEINZ KLUEDER

"That cost took a pack of wolves to make," says Page. "It decimated the wolf population of Canada. It's unbelievable—but then so is Carl." Another recent Eller acquisition is a Charles Addams-type house which he shares with his mother. "Because I live with my mother, you know why I bought a big house," Eller says with a grin. "She has her privacy and I have mine. That house is my proudest possession. It represents a cornerstone of me. I think it's the only thing about me that is really solid."

Off season, Eller studies acting in Los Angeles at the Phillip Browning Workshop. "They teach realism in acting," he says. "The actual portrayal of a character as you see him. Ideally, I see myself playing a more sophisticated type of role. One where you would portray a more defined character. One with great definition. Something like a Lee Marvin or a Tony Quinn. The role I most identify with is Laurence Harvey in *Breakfast at Tiffany's*."

Watching Eller swoop down on enemy quarterbacks, it is hard to equate him with Laurence Harvey or the aesthete who sat in a motel room last week and recited poetry, his own: "What am I? Bird, tulip, grass or green? Whatever."

"I think the poet can be seen in the football player," says Eller. "Football is a great medium of expression, a perfor-

mance that is more total because it is completely spontaneous. If you knew all about Carl Eller, then you could see Carl Eller in my playing, and from it you'd probably understand me even better."

The other poet of the front four is Marshall, who views life as a series of challenges and rushes forward to meet them all. At the moment his passion is sky-diving. Before that there was fencing, skiing, water skiing, scuba diving, hunting, fishing, archery and....

"And oil painting, and licenses in real estate and as a stockbroker, and nine million other things," says Anita Marshall, his beautiful wife. "Nothing he does surprises me anymore."

But sky-diving? A professional athlete?

"Hey, it's 10 times safer than football," says Marshall, who has jumped out of a plane 200 times. "I just woke up at 7 one morning and decided I wanted to try it." At 9 he was at an airfield. At 10 he was at 2,800 feet and stepping out of a plane. "And it was great," he says. "For the first time I felt completely free, completely detached from earth. It was a feeling I've never been able to recapture."

"Now he wants to climb a mountain," says Anita.

"I've got one all picked out. It's in British Columbia. We got to within 60 miles of it last year, but that was as close

as we could get. I've got to climb that mountain."

"We climbed one," says Anita.

"Aw, that wasn't a mountain," Marshall says. "Besides, you were with me and you made me stop halfway up."

Most of Marshall's poetry was written for Anita. Like, "I love your lips while they are red with wine, and red with the wildest desire...."

"Oh, he had some real heavy lines," says Anita.

Marshall smiles at her. "They worked, didn't they?"

Marshall learned to ski the same way he learned to sky-dive. Eller took him to the top of the highest hill he could find and said, "Jim, follow me." And Eller took off with Marshall a few seconds behind.

"Carl thought it was funny," Marshall recalls. "He was laughing and yelling all the way down—until he fell and I went past him. Then I stopped with one of those great swooshing slides. Swoosh! I damn near made it, too."

"Carl and Jim, I don't think I've ever seen them in a bad mood," Gary Larsen says. "They're always laughing, having a good time."

"They're out of their minds," says Page, trying not to smile. "When I first met Jim I thought he was stone crazy. Now that I know him a lot better...."

It was Marshall who led the rookie party in 1967, Page's first year. The veterans ordered the rookies to drink beer. Page said no, he didn't smoke or drink. Okay, they said, then you have to drink hot Coke or get out. Page got up and walked out.

"I have to admit I was kind of worried," he says. "I had heard all the stories about how the veterans treat the rookies, and at the time I thought a lot of those guys were crazy. I didn't know what they'd do, but except for some needling, they didn't do anything. The Vikings don't ride rookies. About all they have to do is bring them dinner at training camp. And every day during the season they have to buy five dozen doughnuts and bring them to the locker room."

When the doughnuts arrive, it's every man for himself. If you get there first, you get all you can grab. If you get there last, there won't be anything but empty sacks.

"The idea is to sneak up on them without telling anybody," says Marshall. "But if you see other people getting in

continued



Larsen (77) and Eller (81) burst through Bear line, despite hook on latter by Rink Coady (27).

ahead of you, you yell 'Doughnuts' and then everybody dives for them and you've still got a chance. There's more injuries going after the doughnuts than there is playing."

"Then Marshall goes around stealing everybody's doughnuts," says Page.

"I do not," says Marshall. "Besides, didn't I bring you a doughnut the other day? A cherry one?"

"Yeah, but you took a big bite out of it first."

"I did not. And what about the doughnut you stole from me?"

"I didn't steal your doughnut," says Page. "I stole Eller's. Right from where he hid it."

"They're all nuts over these doughnuts," says Clint Jones, the All-America running back from Michigan State. "One day it was my turn to buy them and they all yelled at me. They said they were a week old and they threw them at me. I was embarrassed. Then out on the field they kept taking cheap shots at me."

"And you brought them in some old greasy bag," says Page.

"And they were a week old," says Marshall.

"They were only a day old," says Jones. "Everybody in Cleveland buys day-old doughnuts."

If the idea of great, muscular grown men fighting over doughnuts sounds silly, it isn't. It's part of the team's unique group therapy. Down deep in every Viking is the soul of a Don Rickles. Make a mistake and not only the coaches but 39 players will let you know about it loudly and colorfully. There is even a weekly Rock Award to the injured player who masses the most practices.

"It gets you healed in a hurry," says Larsen. "Everybody rides you, so you don't waste any time getting better. Make a bad play and wow! In a game against Washington I fell for a few sucker plays. A couple of days later the team gave me a giant candy sucker with a sign telling me to shape up or I'd be replaced by a button. As a result of all the ribbing, there are no hidden resentments on the team. We keep everything, and I mean everything, right out in the open. People come here and they can't believe how close we all are. We're all good friends. There are no cliques, no black and white. After every game there's a party somewhere and everybody goes. And if you can't make it you had better

have a good excuse. Laughter eases an awful lot of tensions."

Of the four defensive linemen, Larsen is the toughest against the run. Because he is the slowest, he usually hangs back to check against the draw before joining the pass rush. "Gary is the most reserved of us, the quiet one," says Marshall. "A very enjoyable and genuine person. If I was ever going somewhere, and I was a little worried about my safety, Gary is the kind of person I'd like to have with me."

For Larsen, there is his football and there is his family. Everything he does, his wife Wende and their four daughters do. And usually whatever they do, they do outdoors.

The two oldest girls, Robin [9] and Debbie [7], are even playing football," says Larsen with some amusement. "Tackle. The other day I heard Robin saying something about tackling this boy and I said, you mean touch, don't you? She said no, she meant tackle. They aren't coming home with any bloody noses, so they must be doing something right."

There is a fifth member of the front four, Paul Dickson, who fills in at tackle on occasion and is in his 12th season with the pros. He is a philosopher who suffered with the Vikings in their early years under Norm Van Brocklin.

"We went through some tough times," Dickson says. "Van Brocklin made us overly aggressive, and we were going in all different directions. Then Grant came in and did what Lombardi did at Green Bay—he molded 40 people into a single unit. Now we're a wedge with all the collective force at one end pushing toward a single fine point. Success is only the willingness to do something longer, harder and better than anybody else. Success is no magical thing, just a lot of damn hard work. Norm demanded from us in an overt manner. Bud demands the same things, but he has allowed us to demand it of ourselves."

"This team is a unit of one, with no one individual greater than the team. Like the Sphinx said, 'A grain of sand is a desert and a desert is a grain of sand.' I didn't know what that meant until I saw *Camelot*. A little boy asked King Arthur if he could fight, and Arthur sent him away. As he watched the boy go, Arthur said, 'We are all drops of water, but some of them sparkle.' This team is 40 drops of water that sparkle."

When Grant came to Minnesota, he brought a great calmness and order to the Vikings. "What I had was timing," he says. "The team was ready to move. Coaching is overplayed. The graveyard is full of coaches. You can't win without players. Then we had a great draft to go with some experience, most of it on defense, which was good. Nobody wins without a defense."

The turning point was Alan Page. Until he arrived, the Vikings had good outside pressure but were weak at tackle. Page came as an end, a position he had played at Notre Dame, was quickly switched to tackle and went from mediocrity to greatness, and so did the Vikings.

"I didn't want to change," Page says, "but now it's the only place I want to play. I was restricted at end. Inside I can do more things, go in more directions."

"Eller is probably the premier pass rusher today," says Bob Holway, the Vikings' defensive coach. "He has strength, quickness and great leverage. Marshall is probably the finest athlete on the defensive team. He has extraordinary balance and quickness. And Page is the most relentless player I've ever seen. He drains himself totally every game, and nobody gets off the ball quicker than he does. Larsen just kills you with that great strength."

"Look," say Page and Marshall and Larsen and Eller, "we're just four guys out of 11 playing defense. We don't do any more than the others. We've got fine linebackers and we've got a fine secondary. Everybody complements everybody else, and nobody does a greater job than anybody else."

Okay, you argue with them. Last Saturday the 11-man defense went out and turned Chicago upside down. In the first quarter the Bears had the ball three times and ran just nine plays for a net of nine yards. Chicago Quarterback Jack Concannon tried dropping back the normal seven yards, went to 10, to 12, to 14 and, at times, 20, and still he was desperately searching for an open receiver. When the game was over, the Bears had gained but 129 yards, 88 of them passing, and Concannon had thrown three interceptions. In the locker room, Page slumped in exhaustion on a stool and began to thaw. "Man," he said softly, "didn't that Bobby Lee play a great game out there today."

END

by **DAN LEVIN**

Why is Mountaineer Mitch Michaud on Ebright Road in Centerville, Del.? Because it's there. Also because it's the highest point (440 feet) in the state, and Michaud yearned to be the first to attain the highest point in all 50 states in one year

Only 250 miles north of Times Square, New York's highest peak rises in the still Adirondack wilderness. The summit of Mt. Marcy is 5,344 feet above sea level, and the rains that fall on it feed the clean headwaters of the Hudson River that, days later, murky with pollutants, flow by Manhattan to the sea. The river connects two different worlds, but Mountaineer Elmer S. (Mitch) Michaud fears they are slowly becoming one. On a stormy night last summer he huddled in a lean-to near the top of Mt. Marcy. Each time lightning whitened the sky he gazed out on a world of lonely peaks and valleys; between flashes he looked down at the state's highest: garbage dump and, gradu-

ally, as the storm passed, there was nothing to be seen but the great heap of cans, bottles, cartons and other refuse left behind by previous hikers. For Mitch Michaud it was a vision of the future. That was why he was there. Mt. Marcy was the 30th stop on a nationwide mountain-appreciation course. Last week Michaud reached the summit of No. 50, Oregon's Mt. Hood (elevation: 11,245), and became the first man ever to attain the highest point in all 50 states in one calendar year. That out of the way, he descended and got a kiss from his mother.

"Maybe I'll bring a big bag of trash down from some mountain," he explained last March, "and if a reporter writes about it people will become aware

UPON A PEAK IN DELAWARE



of what's going on. Or suppose I stop at a gas station in Vernon and I tell the owner I've come all the way from Oregon to climb Mt. Mansfield. "Well," he might say, "maybe there's something to this mountain stuff after all."

Many were puzzled by his explanations. There must be more to it than that, they said, and Michaud smiled. "It's like when you love someone," he replied rather coyly. "You can list all of the reasons, but does that really explain it?"

It turned out to be that kind of a year for Mitch Michaud. Few really understood, but that was nothing new. Michaud hears different drummers; fittingly, the name rhymes with Thoreau. Always an independent cuss, Michaud, at 40, seems about ready to follow the sage of Concord straight out of this world, a world that strikes him as being alto-

gether too taxed, sprayed, enriched, subsidized and federally funded for his or his family's good. Last year he had the phone removed from his Portland, Ore. home. "If we want to make a call," he says, "we can go to a phone booth." The buzzing of the electric clock is starting to annoy his wife Emma, or "Mem." Michaud's next project is to walk the Continental Divide from Alaska to the tip of South America. Then the Michauds may set out to look for land in the Yukon. There they would build their own house, make their own furniture and clothing, dispose of their own garbage and grow their own food. Originally, of course.

Michaud has been planning his escape for quite a while, and it is easy to see how modern society could get such a man down. Mountain climbing, though, is clearly one antidote. Michaud points out that no man is more independent, or conversely, more dependent on his own wits and skill than one who is dangling from a rope 2,000 feet up on a rock wall. Fortunately, Michaud's pleasure is also his work. He runs a mountaineering school, and his classroom is Mt. Hood, which he can see from his bedroom window. It was on its slopes, with his students, that the idea for his 50-state expedition took form. It would be his last gift to civilization before he said goodbye.

Last Jan. 12, when all the northern peaks were under snow, Michaud flew to Atlanta, where he picked up a car from Avis. Michaud may be an idealist, but he isn't impractical. He had swung a deal, free publicity in exchange for free transportation. He drove to Florida's pinhandle for ascent No. 1, Florida isn't exactly the Switzerland of America, and its highest mountain isn't one. At a lofty 345 feet, it is the lowest of the 50 highest. The poor thing doesn't even have a name, but Michaud found it, a hump in the road near Fort Walton. "Don't laugh," he had said earlier. "You can get killed falling 10 feet." But in Fort Walton he got careless and just mused getting hit by a bus.

Alabama and Mississippi were next, peaks of 2,407 and 806 feet respectively, and Michaud was beginning to feel a little ridiculous. Then, in South Carolina, it began to snow—just what he had gone south to avoid. It was that kind of winter, kids were ice skating on Florida ponds. On the ice of North Carolina's

6,684-foot Mt. Mitchell, the East's highest peak, Michaud finally had a workout, met other climbers and began handing out little packets of grass seeds. "I want to add something to the environment," he told the recipients, and by doing so he would be keeping his wallet green, too. The U.S.A. 1970 Summits Expedition was sponsored in part by the Oregon Grass Seed Growers Association, and Michaud earned what seemed like a ton of half-ounce grass-seed packets on anyone who came within 10 feet of him. Wherever he went he sought interviews with local newspapers, and the growers' association paid him \$100 for each state in which a story appeared mentioning the seeds.

Sixteen weeks and 17 more climbs passed before Michaud had to dangle from any ropes, but there were other, more mundane hazards. While searching for a route up Virginia's 5,720-foot Mt. Rogers, far back in the Blue Ridge, Michaud came upon a barefoot farm girl sitting on a rickety old porch. He stopped to ask directions. She darted into the house and emerged, wearing a garish coat of lipstick. He spoke, she replied in some weird dialect, he couldn't understand a word. Her father came out, saw them looking at each other and ran back into the house. Before he could return with a shotgun, Michaud took off for the hills.

Louisiana's highest peak is 535-foot Driskill Mountain in Arcadia. On arrival, Michaud went in a grocery store and inquired as to where he could find the mayor.

"Well, Ah don't know as we have a mayor here," the grocer said.

Michaud tried the police station. "I wanna see that there mountaineering gear," a cop said. The next morning, however, the sheriff sent a forest ranger out to find Driskill Mountain, and soon a troop of Girl Scouts was following in Michaud's tracks. At the summit he climbed a tall tree and demonstrated rappelling for them. Two weeks later the Girl Scouts sent him a packet of letters and a homemade survival kit.

In Arkansas, Michaud made two ascents. No one was certain which was higher. Magazine Mountain or Bluff Mountain, both listed at 2,850 feet. Atop the latter Michaud got a little worried for the first time. How will people know

continued



I'm really making these climbs, he wondered. He scratched his initials on a fire tower before strolling down and driving to Missouri for a 30-minute walk up 1,772-foot Tausak Mountain. Aren't you bored by these little hills, he was asked in Iowa. "No," he said, "because no two are alike," and it was more than diplomacy. He reached the top of 1,675-foot Ocheyedan Mound at dawn. "It was a great sight," he recalls. "The sun was rising and there was a clean sweep of the state beneath me."

The most frequent question, though, was: Why do you climb? Michaud replied that climbing was like life, that he could take the same route up a mountain 20 times but that each time it would be different because he was never the same. His moods and perceptions changed from day to day, and climbing, he suggested, was a natural form of psychoanalysis. Instead of words to free-associate with there were varied panoramas, and the myriad shapes and colors of leaves and trees and rocks. "Each day is another summit in my life," he said. "Quite often I'm concentrating so hard I'm not even aware of what I'm doing, and I've made many an important decision on mountains that had nothing to do with climbing."

By mid-March Michaud had already done 19 states, but he couldn't afford to dawdle; by fall there would be real mountains and, possibly, delays on account of weather, and if he climbed only 49 the year would have been wasted. Alaska's Vin Hoeman, who was killed in an avalanche on Dhaulagiri in the Himalayas last year, had once climbed all 50, but it had taken him a lifetime.

All-night driving and bad food were beginning to get to Michaud, and he rushed through easy ascents in Minnesota, Michigan and Wisconsin. Then he had to pay a buck and a half to a farmer for letting him climb Charles Mound, Illinois' highest (1,241 feet). The farmer's wife, a nerve type, asked Michaud to please send her a stone from each of the remaining summits. In Ohio a security guard accompanied him to the top of 1,550-foot Campbell Hill, which is located on an Air Force installation near Bellefontaine. Indiana's highest was a nameless 1,257-foot rise in a bean and corn field. Michaud climbed it, drove to Chicago, flew to Portland, said hello to his family and flew to Hawaii to climb Mauna Kea.

Mauna Kea may be the world's highest mountain, but this possibility is of interest only to oceanographers, not mountaineers, since only 13,825 feet of it are above the Pacific Ocean; the rest continues steeply downward through more than three miles of salt water. Michaud spent a night at the Mauna Kea Beach hotel, where he got a 368-a-day room, modified American plan, in exchange for the promise of a plug. The next morning he hiked up a dirt road to within 200 feet of the summit, then roughed it the rest of the way. One Girl Scout accompanied him. By now he was getting a little tired of answering questions. "I just like to climb," he told a reporter from the Honolulu *Advertiser* before flying back to Portland.

Mitch Michaud locked up his home, put his furniture in storage and his wife and two stepdaughters in a 20-foot Aloha trailer, which he pulled with a four-wheel-drive camper. It was April 14. Wendy, 16, and Halle, 17, are students at Portland's Metropolitan Learning Center, where unstructured study is the going thing. The girls' only assignment was to "keep a diary, visit specified schools and exchange ideas and philosophies." Mem Michaud picked boxes of biodegradable detergents for washing clothes in unpolluted streams and leaving them the same way.

Michaud's stepson Peter, 19, also joined the party. He had graduated from Portland's Ulysses S. Grant High School, where he was chairman of the National Honor Society and a straight-A student, but though three universities had accepted him he was a little scared. He needed a year off, he decided, to think and roam, and like many of his generation he had spoken of hitchhiking across the country. His stepfather didn't think that was such a hot idea, although he didn't say so, and he was glad to have Pete along.

The two had climbed together since Michaud married Pete's mother in 1966. Mountaineering builds Mitch Michaud's kind of men; he regards it as Rockne did football. However, different sports, different virtues. Independence is paramount with Michaud. "Pete has never let me down," he says, "but you learn fast on a mountain. You can't afford to be a drag on anyone else."

They were all set—Mitch, Mem, Peter, Wendy, Halle and 7-month-old Tym Yvette. It was an opportunity that comes

to few families and few trailer dealers. Michaud had persuaded Aloha to lend him the vehicle; it was, Michaud assured the dealer, great publicity. The Michauds motored down to Flagstaff, Ariz. and 12,655-foot Humphreys Peak—No. 20. On May 5 Mitch and Wendy hiked up a snowy slope beneath a ski lift to the summit. Coming down, they filled a large plastic bag with tin cans and other litter and brought it to the editor of the *Flagstaff Star*, and the next day there was a story. The Michauds were guests on a local talk show, too, and Wendy was furious when the host blithely said: "I see no reason why we shouldn't throw these cans down. In a few years we'll be mining them."

On to Idaho, and Mitch Michaud's first difficult climb. He took 5½ hours to scale 12,655-foot Borah Peak, then set an unofficial record for the descent, 51 minutes, on a pair of 20-inch Sierkis. Next came California's Mt. Whitney, at 14,493 feet the highest peak in the continental United States. In Arcata, Calif., on the way to Whitney, 8-year-old Betsy Michaud, a smooth-haired dachshund, jumped out of the camper at a gas station, and the Michauds drove 100 miles before missing her and turning back. Betsy had disappeared. They put an ad in the local paper, with their Portland address, but it seemed a futile gesture.

On Whitney, Michaud and Pete were often roped together on vertical walls, where hourly progress was a matter of 100 feet at best. Two nights they camped on the mountain, and at 8,000 feet they saw a family of three cougars, a rare sight even in the wilderness. On the way through Oregon to Washington's Mt. Rainier the Michauds stopped to check their mailboxes. There was a letter from an Arcata truck driver who had found Betsy. Michaud called him up and he promised to keep the dachshund until Michaud finished his trip.

Pete and the women waited at the base of Rainier, an inactive volcano, while Mitch bivouacked at the summit. At 3 a.m. he was almost poached to death by steam which suddenly issued from an underground vent. Michaud rolled away in the nick of time, but there were moments in the next month and a half when he could have used a little steam.

North America's highest mountain was next—Alaska's 20,320-foot Mt.

continued



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McKinley. It was appropriate that McKinley should come at the halfway point, as if Mitch Michaud's year was itself one big mountain. It had started in the foothills, with Florida, Georgia and Mississippi. More than a mile above sea level, in the Great Smoky Mountains of Tennessee and North Carolina, Michaud had begun at last to feel like a mountaineer, and in the thin air of Borah and Rainier, alone in the wilderness more than two miles up, he had almost forgotten the tin-can world below. Now, halfway through his year, Michaud was approaching its summit. He drove to Talkeetna, 80 miles north of Anchorage. It was the end of all roads, but McKinley was still 60 miles away, a 45-minute flight by ski-plane over the tundra. Michaud wouldn't see his family again for 43 days.

Michaud climbed McKinley with a 10-man Japanese team. They made base camp at 7,000 feet and relayed their equipment to each of five succeeding camps, so that Michaud actually wound up climbing most of the mountain five times. It took the climbing party 36 days to get up the 13,320 remaining feet to the summit, which meant 35 nights sleeping in ice caves. It wasn't easy going. Once they cached a five-day supply of food at 8,000 feet and lost it all to ravens. And the Japanese spoke no English. Usually Michaud communicated amicably enough with them by sign language, but, as he says, "There's lots of time to think in an ice cave. Little things become paramount. Someone has the sniffles and doesn't blow his nose and it drives you nuts. Sometimes you become a little paranoid. Our biggest problem was relating to each other without relating with an ice ax."

On June 30 they reached the area just below the summit. The next day the Japanese deferred to Michaud and let him climb up first. Then they joined him, threw their arms about each other and began to cry. On the way down Michaud and the Japanese met the first all-woman expedition ever to climb McKinley, on the way up. The expedition leader was Vin Hoeman's widow, Grace. At that moment there were 47 people on McKinley—and Michaud knew that as of 1960 fewer than 100 people had climbed it in all of history. Seventeen thousand feet up on Mt. McKinley and even there the world was closing in! Michaud came off the mountain wearing a full beard and a grim look, he resem-

bled a biblical prophet come to warn that the end was near.

Michaud was tired and gaunt, but there was no time to waste. He rejoined his family, which had been touring Alaska, and they set off across Canada. Next stop, New England.

Mitch Michaud was going home. He was born in Eagle Lake, Me., near the New Brunswick border. His father was a fishing and hunting guide. One winter day when Mitch was 5 he and his brother Albert were playing at the stove, putting their mouths to the spout of a tea-kettle, and Mitch accidentally inhaled steam. His esophagus was badly burned, and he developed pneumonia. He spent a year in the hospital, undergoing a series of operations. Doctors told his parents he wouldn't live beyond his 12th year. At 16 he began to climb, but didn't become sold on mountaineering until 1951, when he was in the Army and stationed in Europe. He climbed the Matterhorn and the Jungfrau, but the finest climbing of his life, he says, came in Corsica, where he spent 30 days researching

a story for the *Nocom Chronicle*, a military newspaper of which he was feature editor. Michaud stayed in the Army for four years, until 1961. In that time he was also editor of the *Orleans Item*, another military publication, and stage manager of the Frankfurt Playhouse, which he says was the only American community theater in Europe.

Michaud was warmly welcomed in Maine. He was guest of honor at a clam-bake, and his presence inspired another honored guest, Senator Edmund Muskie, to say, "Mitch Michaud hopes to climb the highest summit of each state, and in that way we are alike."

As Michaud and Pete neared the top of Maine's Mt. Katahdin (5,268 feet), climb No. 26, they met a group of teenage boys coming down. One of them was incoherent and shaking uncontrollably. He had fallen several times and his friends feared a concussion. Michaud recognized the symptoms of hypothermia, a common but dangerous ailment resulting from exhaustion and insufficient nourishment. Michaud fed the

continued

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Neighbor*



MOUNTAINEER *continued*

youngster candy, food and liquids, and there was immediate improvement. Then he and Pete stopped climbing and helped him down the mountain. Two days later the *Boston Daily News* published an account of the incident, and the following week, when Michaud returned to complete the Katahdin climb, there was a letter addressed to him at the forest service office from someone who had read the story. "Mitch, you're all right!" it read. "You're a man." Michaud spoke about the letter for weeks afterward. Perhaps nothing that happened all year pleased him more. "Look," he kept saying, holding out the letter, "I reached someone."

Michaud had gone from Maine to Rhode Island, where he had a date in Providence with the tourist office. As he chatted with the director, the latter was handed a note. It was a warning that a bomb had been planted in a nearby office, and everyone was evacuated from the building. Michaud got a special escort. By now his uncut hair and beard were making him look like the cartoonist's stereotype of a bomb-lobbing anarchist.

Rhode Island's 812-foot Jeremoth Hill was Michaud's first complete climb since the 43 days on McKinley. He walked up, again with some Girl Scouts, and while demonstrating rock climbing at the top he fell and scratched his wrist. "You can get killed falling five feet," he said this time.

Michaud returned to Maine to reclaim Katahdin, then drove to New Hampshire for 6,288-foot Mt. Washington. His comments about falling five and 10 feet should be posted all over the mountain; Dan Doody climbed Mt. Everest in 1963 and was killed in 1968 on Mt. Washington. In fact, more climbers may have been killed on Washington than on any other mountain in the world. Meteorologists agree that some of the worst weather anywhere is found on its summit, and the highest wind velocity ever measured was recorded there on April 12, 1934—231 mph. On the August day Mitch Michaud climbed Washington, the wind at the summit blew at 55 mph.

Michaud was dismayed by the elaborate tourist facilities at the mountain's base in Pinkham Notch. The Appalachian Mountain Club has a number of buildings there, with a restaurant, rest rooms and showers and enough bunks for 100 people. "This is indicative of what we'll have everywhere in 10 or 20

continued

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the right time on the wrong day.



If your present watch has the precise time, but you have the wrong day, it's as though your watch were precisely 24 hours fast. Or slow.

The Golden Clipper "D" is one of a series of Bulova precision watches that put an end to this kind of ridiculous inaccuracy.

It gives you the correct day and date, automatically.

It also winds itself automatically. And sheds water automatically.

In fact, the only thing you have to do is remember to look at it once in a while.

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Merrie Olde English
keep their
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Especially during the Christmas season? Never!

Every bottle is based on Mr. Gordon's original 1769 formula. So today, and every day, you pour a drink that's dry as Scrooge. A fanatic devotion to our discoverer? Perhaps.

But then, anything less wouldn't be the spirit of the season!

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years," Michaud said. "I have nothing against people, but places like this mean more sewage and more pollution." Mt. Washington was a scenic climb and the weather seemed fine, but Michaud knew its history and respected it. He picked his way along the edge of Tuckerman Ravine, famed for daredevil skiing in the spring. Then, 800 feet below the summit, the way steepened. Large boulders and strong gusts of wind made climbing difficult. Michaud concentrated on the ground ahead. Finally, he looked up to get his bearings. A yellow Volkswagen was moving along the road at the rim of the summit.

With Michaud and Pete climbed the highest mountains in New Hampshire, Vermont, New York and Massachusetts in four consecutive days. On each of them they moved tirelessly up the steepest grades, over boulders and through brush, rarely breaking stride or stopping to rest. Other climbers, sprawled exhausted along the way, looked puzzled as the pair trudged by.

Now there were 16 climbs to go. Five of the remaining mountains were over 13,000 feet. Michaud knew Montana's 12,850-foot Granite Peak would be a problem. Frank Ashley of Los Angeles, who had climbed the 48 highest in 1969, had been injured on Granite last August. Michaud got to the summit in four days, but on the way down he became ill. He was badly dehydrated, couldn't keep any food down, and he spent two days in a hospital being fed intravenously.

But it was still October, there were only 11 climbs to go now and Michaud was confident. Besides, the worst was far behind. Not his perilous climb in Alaska. Not the tense moments on Granite or Whitney. The really bad time, at least for Michaud's peace of mind, took place back East in September at 55 feet above sea level. On the way from Connecticut to New Jersey, the kids talked him into stopping in New York City for a day. It was one of the worst combinations of all time, Manhattan and Mitch Michaud. He arrived at rush hour and by the time he found a parking space for the camper he was getting a little paranoid. By the next morning he looked terrible, but before fleeing the city he phoned *The New York Times* sports department to tell them of his project. "Now," the guy who answered said, "we're only interested in recreational or competitive sports." **END**

If you just want to look good, don't light it.



On the other hand, if you'd like to taste the small, mild cigar with all the flavor of a large cigar, go ahead.



White Owl Miniatures & Demi-Tips.

Pool is played by people of both sexes



... by people of all ages



POOL

As his work shows, Arnold Roth is crazy This makes him the ideal artist to portray the vogaries of pool, a game whose apparent simplicity conceals its frustrations. Here, then, is the oddball behind the eight ball

SOME FAMILIAR STANCES

- e. the old pro
- b. the artilleryman
- c. the dancing master
- d. the well-to-do-lorn
- a. the hustler
- f. the linebacker
- g. the long view
- h. the fadeaway
- i. the cool, baby
- j. the watchmaker
- k. the scumbler
- l. the yagi
- m. the dying swan
- n. the surgeon
- o. the well-to-do-lorn
- p. the cupid
- q. the win-one-for-the-bigger
- r. the doing-my-own-thing
- s. the D'Artesian
- t. the infantrymen
- u. the I-can't-do-it-nobow



... and whenever circumstances permit.



Unlike other games, pool was not invented, nor did it evolve. It was sent directly from above to certain bored shepherds in fields where they played. And played. This explains the semi-gaullish stance still used by some pool shooters.



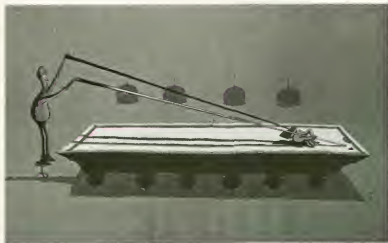


A POOL SHOOTER'S DREAM





The one cardinal, nonnegotiable rule is: a mislay of one foot must touch the floor. There is no maximum



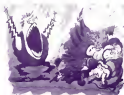
Apocizing indeed is the facelessness of the long-distance shooter.

AFTER MISSING A FAVORITE SHOT...

Response of the Academy Award winner:



Response of The Good Sport:



PEOPLE



♦ The one they call the Demon of Rye plays inside right for the home-town soccer team. The Demon played so ferociously in a recent 5-1 victory that the losers got a bit suspicious. "How do we know she's a girl?" they demanded of the Sussex Women's Football Association. Well, sure I'm a girl, retorted the wary Lucille Cain, who is 14. "They're just jealous." So there. In fact, she later practiced with Peter Bonetti, star goalkeeper for the famed Chelsea team, and she sneaked past him for two goals. "I want to become a really good footballer," Demon Lucille said, wistfully. "Good enough for Chelsea—but I don't suppose they would ever have me." Because she's just a mere girl, of course.

Remember how Florida's Republican Governor Claude Kirk insisted on sitting on the bench at football games? It upset the coaches so much that they pushed through a Southeastern Conference rule to shoo him back to the stands. Then along came the elections and Kirk lost. Then along came the annual Tall-

lahassee Quarterback Club jamboree. And who should be sitting at the head table but Coach Bill Peterson, whose Florida State team had just lost to Houston 53-21. Pete Griffin, whose Florida A&M team was demolished by Tampa 49-7, and Doug Dickey, whose Florida U. squad was upset by Miami 14-13. Kirk came up and looked at them. "The Democrats," he observed, "deserve you three guys."

We take you now to faraway Afghanistan where they are busy playing Buckashi, the murderous national game. A bit like polo, in that you play it on horseback. But you do not use a mallet. You also do not use a ball. You use a headless goat, which you try to drag a quarter mile downfield and back, and then you try to throw it into a circle. What makes the game such fun is that the teams savagely fight for possession of the goat with chains, belts and fists and by sucking each other's horses to the ground. Fatal injuries are not uncommon. Today's star is Omar Sharif, playing Buckashi for his new movie, *The Horsemen*. The cast of real players don't mind this film nonsense too much until the director orders them to give the goat to Sharif so that he can ride out and score the winning goal. The Afghans say, in effect, "He wants the goat, let him come and get the goat." Sharif says, in effect, "Who, me?" Considerable bribery takes place before Omar gets the goat and scores the goal. An exciting scene. But when you see *The Horsemen*, remember that you read it here: that game was fixed.

Jogging is fine for some folks, but Baltimore's Charles O'worth, 63, would rather stroll through the city parks for his exercise. Too tame? Not when you take along a metal detector like Charlie does. So far, in addition to robust health, he has gained \$700 worth of coins. 25 Standing

Liberty quarters, piles of Indian-head pennies and nickels and two one-gallon jars of plain pennies. To say nothing of a goodly collection of class, friendship and diamond rings, old wedding bands, religious models and crosses. Plus one button from an old Army coat. Civil War, of course.

And over in England, 70-year-old Percy Childs also walks for his health. Percy has a heart condition, and back in 1952 his doctor forbade him to watch his favorite football club, Nuneaton Borough, for fear the excitement would be too much. So for 18 years Percy has walked two miles to the matches, paid his entrance fee, left before kickoff and walked the two miles home—he wouldn't miss missing a match for the world.

And the week's final golden oldie is Jean-Louis Barrault, the noted French actor-director, currently acting in and directing his new show in Paris. It involves riding a bicycle on stage and that sort of vigorous thing. But don't worry, Barrault cycles in real life; he also swims and recently joined his Robelau cast for soccer against a gang of Montmartre wrestlers. Acting is the secret of looking zippy at 60, he says. "Playing Hamlet, I lose over two pounds a day. I'll



put it another way. Call Hamlet a 3,000-meter race." He's right, of course. You ever see a fat Hamlet?

Scene, a Chicago divorce court. Tearful Wife is telling the judge how bad things are. Well, could the court please have an example? "All right," says Tearful Wife. "Last August Harry asked me, 'Do you have anything to discuss before the football season begins?'"

First Ed Sullivan informed Baltimore grandmother Caroline Weisman after the World Series when he introduced some Orioles in his audience. They weren't on camera long enough, she pouted. So she wrote a letter of protest, collected 200 signatures and hied it off to CBS. But CBS returned it unopened. Next Caroline got Sullivan's home address, mailed the letter there. Sullivan replied, "Dear Caroline. Tell your Oriole fan club I'll apologize to all of you next Sunday." But the next Sunday Sullivan ran out of time—no apology. Following Sunday, the show was a taped special—again no apology. Back home, Caroline was busy getting up petitions and boycotts. But, hark. Five minutes before the end of his *next* show Sullivan said, "Oh, I've got to do this tonight or I'm really in trouble." And he told Caroline Weisman and Oriole fans everywhere that he was sorry.

Nice going, Ed. Just swell. Of course you realize that in the meantime Caroline's mailed the whole damn football season.

♦ In the Midwest you buy eight gallons of Clark gasoline, you get a free picture of a football player. As the man on TV says, "You can have this picture of Alex Karras, who is not only the greatest defensive tackle but, in my opinion, the handsomest, sexiest, most virile, most intelligent. . . ." The man on TV is Alex Karras, by the way.

'Tis the season to be kindly.



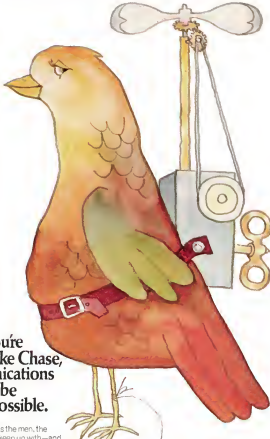
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CHASE MANHATTAN

Up and down the western rim of the breathtaking Wasatch Mountain range, each one hard by a peak of its very own, they sit: four picture-postcard Utah universities that in recent years have turned a missed jump shot or a lost rebound into vices that rival smoking and drinking.

Southernmost among them is Brigham Young, the official school of the Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter-day Saints—"the Y" at Provo, where Stan Watts had developed some outstanding teams until lately, when the Cougars have been undecided whether the opponent would throw them a man-to-man defense, a zone or a grenade. The Mormon doctrine, excluding as it does blacks from the priesthood, has brought about some harsh times at the Y but has not curtailed construction of a 22,500-seat arena (due for completion late next year) that will be the largest new on-campus facility in the United States.

Up the valley and into the Weber Basin is, of course, Weber State—"We" as in go— which has created all sorts of excitement since stepping out of the junior-college ranks and doing things like dominating the Big Sky Conference, appearing in three NCAA tournaments in a row, giving one of its coaches, Dick Motta, to the pros (the Chicago Bulls) and looming as a force again this season with powerful Willie Sojourner back for his senior year.

Remaining among the schools on the hills are the two sisters of the state university, Utah and Utah State, irresponsible in new gymnasiums of their own and heckoning the national polls and anyone else to come visit.

Naturally, it was right here that the heart of college basketball tradition could be seen in the opening moments of the season last week: here where inter-sectional battles and even a heated rivalry were fought, here where, considering all the snow, it seemed appropriate for Sergeant Preston to shout, "On, King!" But, sadly, it was here, too, that the wonder teams of the Wasatch became a couple of early victims of their own publicity.

Utah had this first-week tussle with Utah State coming up, but before Mike Newlin and the runnin', gunnin' Redskins could come stampedin' off the shores of Great Salt Lake with that fast-break heritage and all those national tournament appearances behind them,

A very nice place to visit

The Utah settings are serene, the arenas big, new and bustling. Ales, the teams have been much too accommodating—but not for long

and before the Utah State Aggies—85 miles to the north in Logan over the icy trails of the Sardine Canyon—could lay in ambush for anyone questioning the claim that their stars, marvelous Marv Roberts and near Nate Williams, are not the best set of forwards in the land, something very strange happened. Both Utah teams lost—at home—and looked erratic losing.

First, let it be known that the opponents were not—as some opening week visitors look to be—refugees from a dog pound. Ohio State, West Texas State and Southern Cal came calling, which is what made the whole week so attractive and what took some of the luster off the weekend game between Utah and Utah State. For, after defeating a fine young Ohio State team 95-89, the Aggies were upset by West Texas State on Wednesday 81-78. The next night in Salt Lake, Utah dropped its opening game to explosive Southern Cal 90-81.

Finally, with all of the nonsense out of the way, Utah and Utah State had at one another Saturday night and, when it was over, those mountain folk watching on their televisions throughout the region discovered that one of their teams, at least, was alive and kicking after all. With Roberts outscoring Newlin 26-23 and the taller Aggies dominating the boards, State ran away from Utah in the second half and finished with a 94-77 victory. Williams seemed asleep much of the game but the Aggies' 6'10" sophomore, Lafayette Love, picked his team up whenever Utah got close, and that was the difference.

The passions aroused in the clash provided just one example of the intensity with which Utahans are taking basketball these days. All of the new arenas going up are responsible in some measure, but the basic interest has always been there. Recently clamor has arisen for a tournament in Salt Lake

City involving the four schools, but so far Utah and the Y have not deigned to accept tiny Weber as an equal. Nevertheless, Utah State will play the Wildcats for the first time on Feb. 23 in a game that doubtless will invoke all the frenzy of the home-and-home contests when the other three schools play each other.

Attention this season is focused on Utah and Utah State because of their high national ranking and because of the presence of Newlin on one campus and

continued



LAURISAI (LEFT) HAS JUMP ON NEWLIN

Roberts and Williams on the other—three of America's most exciting players. There is also the sneaking suspicion that the balance of power in the area may be shifting for the time being to the independent Aggies. Since LaDell Andersen left Utah, where he was an assistant for five years to Jack (the Fox) Gardner—and prior to Saturday night—he had split 18 games with his former teacher and taken the Aggies to four NCAA tournaments and one NIT. Counting Saturday's victory, he has beaten Gardner the last four times they have met.

Andersen has had some good players on the Logan campus, including Cornell Green and Shaler Halmon. Before he brought in Roberts and Williams he had also experienced one of the game's memorable tragedies. On a cold February evening in 1965 Andersen was driving home from a game in which his finest player, a personable, baby-faced All-America senior named Wayne Estes, had scored 48 points. Suddenly the coach came upon flashing red lights, an automobile accident, knocked-down power lines and the supine form of his star player covered in blankets. Estes, after investigating the accident, had walked back to his own car, brushed his head on a telephone wire and been electrocuted instantly. Daily now Andersen passes a glass case in which Estes' uniform, sneakers, trophies and honors are enclosed, and he still shakes visibly when he talks of that evening.

For the present Roberts and Williams are truly a pleasing pair to have on the same side. The former is 6' 8", a finesse player who shoots well from outside and is one of the best passers in college. Despite a tendency to laziness, he has averaged 25 points and 13 rebounds in his two years on the varsity. Williams, who is three inches shorter and five months younger, relies more on muscle and power for his points (21 a game last year). No selfishness seems to have intruded on the relationship between the two. "It was never a challenge when Nate came to the varsity," Roberts says. "It's a pleasure to play alongside him and get everybody off my back."

"I feel that when we're in trouble, Marv should put the ball in the air," says Williams, who nevertheless is more the beneficiary of the arrangement because of Roberts' passing ability.

Both men came to Logan from ghetto backgrounds. Roberts from Bedford

Stuyvesant in Brooklyn, Williams from Oakland, where he grew up as one of seven children, worked in the rail yards at night to support his family and once lived in a room with no lights.

Roberts has felt the sting of what he calls "cats who jump off the bandwagon." The day after the West Texas game, perhaps his worst performance ever, he was walking downtown when a student passing in a car yelled out, "Roberts, you're a bum. You stunk."

Over in Salt Lake City, Mike Newlin knows how Roberts felt. "He shouldn't be upset at that," said Newlin, a native Californian who admits to being a hot-dog on court. "That's what Utah people are like, I fall down a lot to protect myself. I never get hurt. I know the people swear at me, they hate me. I get less hassle on the road than here. People in Utah aren't afraid to tell you what they think. That's why I never go to classes the day after a game. I don't want to be susceptible to them. I hate." A pro-sized guard who has been the MVP in the Western Athletic Conference for two years and is now a Rhodes scholarship candidate, Newlin seems to have a preoccupation with foul shots. He ranked seventh in the nation last year and against USC last week missed once. "I won't miss any more this year," he said. "I guarantee it."

In his two previous trips to Logan, Newlin had a) two years ago missed a one-and-one opportunity that would have given Utah the lead with six seconds to go and b) last year fouled out of the game with 16 minutes left. Utah lost both games.

"We won't lose this time," Newlin said Friday night. "Everyone is aware we won't. I guarantee it."

Despite his guarantees, Utah State took a 50-38 halftime lead Saturday, due mostly to the work of Love and another good sophomore, Bob Lauriski. The Redskins cut the margin to seven points in the second half but then dropped back again. Mysteriously, Gardner removed Newlin from the game with nearly seven minutes left. The Redskins were behind by 15 at the time, but most observers felt they were still in it. "Newlin was tired," said Gardner. "I don't know why we gave up," said Newlin, who also missed a foul shot. "I don't know how I missed. The crowd was counting my bounces at the line [he takes up to 14 dribbles before putting the ball

up]. I wasn't concentrating. I still love to play away from home. This game isn't over. It continues next month." By that time Utah and especially Utah State—a young and improving team with vast potential—should be ready to welcome out-of-staters in again.

THE WEEK

by JOE JARES

SOUTH Kentucky appeared lethargic in its opener, a 115-100 win at Northwestern, but the Wildcats came to life back home in Lexington. Two-time All-SEC Guard Mike Casey, who missed last season because of a broken leg, took charge again and helped hold off Michigan 104-93. Michigan sophomore Henry Williams hit 17 of 21 shots. "We couldn't stop him and not many people will," said the Wildcats' Adolph Rupp.

It was a big week for Virginia. First, the Cavaliers won the Virginia Big Five Tournament, beating VMI 81-52 and Virginia Tech 68-59. Then they upset Duke for the third straight year, 75-70. "Maybe this strikes a new mood for Virginia basketball," said elated Coach Bill Gibson. Earlier in the week Duke beat Princeton 79-75. Coach Pete Carroll of Princeton was hit by two technical fouls for leaving his bench, but Duke's Bucky Waters avoided trouble, mainly because of a bright blue seat belt strapped around him. "I thought I'd get a double hernia," he said, "but I stayed down."

Auburn's John Mengert scored 104 points in the Tigers' 93-87 win over Louisiana Tech, 86-49 loss to South Carolina and 91-85 win over North Carolina State. "John is a good Catholic boy," said South Carolina's Frank McGuire, "and he's the best one-on-one player I've seen in a long time."

1. S. CAROLINA (2-0) 2. JACKSONVILLE (2-0)

EAST Jacksonville's debut in Madison Square Garden merely proved that, given uncontested shots, two teams can cripple the fastest scorekeeper in the land with winter's cramp. JU beat St. Peter's 152-106 as 7'2" Artis Gilmore scored 28 points and took 34 rebounds, but JU newcomer Harold Fox was the best player on the floor, with 29 points and 11 assists. The Dolphins also slaughtered Biscayne 132-88 during the week and were off to a flying start toward their hoped-for rematch with UCLA in the NCAA Tournament.

"I want them to look like good clean-

continued

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cut all-American athletes," said Villanova's Jack Kraft, one of those coaches who think a sidebar is when you bump your hip against a hot stove. He ordered his players to comply or else. "I guess I'm getting a haircut," said 6'5" guard Chris Ford. Then the well-groomed Wildcats went out and drubbed Philadelphia Textile 91-71. Ford scored six points in overtime against visiting Princeton, but Princeton's own Brian Taylor had just as much to do with the outcome. He had 25 points with seven minutes left when he was ejected for arguing with a referee. The Tigers lost 81-75.

Penn had a spectacular display of first-half shooting (21 of 37) in its 85-71 win over Rutgers, then weathered an annoying stall to beat stubborn Navy 59-45. "They have an awfully good second and third team, too," said Rutgers Coach Bill Foster.

St. John's got 50 points from two sophomores, Mel Davis and Bill Schaeffer, in an 83-75 win over American University. Harvard beat Dartmouth 89-78, but Dartmouth's James Brown outscored Harvard's James Brown 20-14.

1. PENN (2-0) 2. VILLANOVA (2-0)

MIDWEST The best confrontations of the week were in South Bend: Notre Dame vs. South Carolina and Austin Carr vs. the visitors John Roche. The Irish rallied from a 10-point halftime deficit to tie the game twice, but Carolina pulled ahead again to win 85-82. Gamecock Center Tom Riker had four three-point plays, the last breaking a 58-58 tie. Roche handled the ball well, outscored Carr 22-27 and put in all 16 of his free throws. The loss was a blow to the many Midwest coaches who think the Atlantic Coast Conference is overrated.

A bomb scare at Kansas' Allen Field House proved to be unfounded, and the only damage was to visiting Long Beach State. The high-ranked 49ers committed five fouls in the first four minutes, missed 19 of their first 20 shots, made 18 turnovers in the first half and twice moved into the lane too soon on foul shots. Better organized in the second half, Long Beach managed to lose by only 69-52. "I know we're better than that," said stunned losing Coach Jerry Tarkenton. "At least I hope we are, or it could be the most disastrous season in history."

Illinois Coach Harry Schmidt said his team was going to run and score more this season, and that is what happened in its opening 113-102 defeat of Butler. But Schmidt did not mean for his men to forget defense. When asked after the game if he wanted to see the scorebook he said, "No! I never want to see that many points against us." Four nights later, still at home, the Illini collapsed against Oklahoma in the sec-

ond half, making as many turnovers as baskets (10), and were upset 74-72 when Paul Crowell tipped in a rebound one second before the buzzer.

Marquette demolished St. John's (Minn.) 87-58 and St. Louis 95-72. Undermanned Kansas State slowed it up and stayed close all the way, but Indiana got 26 points from sophomore George McGinnis and won 75-72. Purdue was knocked off twice, 100-98 by Tulsa in overtime and 84-82 by Indiana State. It was the Sycamores' first win over Purdue in 19 games and 68 years.

1. MARQUETTE (2-0) 2. NOTRE DAME (1-1)

WEST UCLA Forwards Curtis Rowe and Sidney Wicks were about 15 minutes late for the pregame meal, so Coach John Wooden decided "to let them rest awhile" against Rice. After almost 10 minutes the Owls were ahead 27-24 and Wooden decided the two seniors had rested enough. Less than four minutes after he unleashed them UCLA was in command and went on to beat Rice 82-78. The night before the victim was Baylor, 108-77. "It will take a combination of the New York Knicks, the Milwaukee Bucks to dethrone them," said Baylor Coach Bill Meneff.

Oregon, perhaps UCLA's strongest Pacific Eight rival, played unselfishly and well in romping over San Jose State 95-65, Portland 76-54 and Texas Tech 90-81. Duck Center Stan Love drew raves for his defense and scoring (77 points in the three games).

While Oregon had fun at home, USC survived a hazardous road trip. The Trojans, impressive in their 90-81 victory at Utah, then had their hands full with USF's 6' 11" center, Ron Dahms. Earlier in the week Dahms was so nervous and inept against Stanford that he was benched after seven minutes and did not return. Against USC he had 25 points and 27 rebounds, but the Trojans eked out a double-overtime 83-80 win on Paul Westphal's clutch free throw.

West Texas State tried to seal off Weber State Center Willie Sojourner with variously shaped zone defenses, but senior Cut Nations and sophomore Brady Small scored well from outside to spoil the strategy. Weber won 73-63. It still will have stiff competition in the Big Sky race—from Montana State, for instance, which upset Washington 90-89 in overtime. The stars for the Grizzlies were Willie Weeks, an Indian, and 6' 4" transfer Bill Lewis.

Ralph Miller's debut as coach of Oregon State was successful as the Beavers beat Oklahoma State twice, 69-63 and 84-76. California split on the road, spoiling Arizona's home opener 87-79 and losing to New Mexico 82-62.

1. UCLA (2-0) 2. USC (2-0)

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BRIDGE / Charles Goren

Mathe, moxie and stamina turned the trick

A Los Angeles foursome of Lew Mathe, Don Krauss, Richard Walsh and John Swanson overcame an almost insurmountable deficit of 83 international match points to defeat a favored New York quartet headed by Phil Feldesman in the final North American zone playoff in New York last month and win their way to Taiwan as the No. 2 team to represent this continent in the World Championship next May.

After 73 deals of the 160-board match, the Californians trailed the Feldesman team 109-192. At that point Feldesman, Bill Grieve, Ira Rubin and Jeff Westheimer were rolling in high gear and looked unbeatable. But the New Yorkers were pitted against three youngsters with both nerve and stamina and an old campaigner, Lew Mathe, one of the veteran battlers in all bridge. Mathe first played for America in a world championship in 1954, before the oldest of his present teammates, 35-year-old John Swanson, had even begun his tournament career. Instead of crumbling in a mass of desperation tactics, which so often happens when there is a need to overcome such a disadvantage, the Californians played on steadily and often brilliantly, first stemming the tide, then nibbling away at the lead, and finally tearing off huge chunks of it. When the fifth and final 32-deal session began, they found themselves only eight IMPs behind. And at the conclusion of that session, one of the most exciting ever played, the Californians were the winners by 12 IMPs, 356-344.

The Mathe team emerged from the playing rooms for a brief victory celebration, then met again behind closed doors with nonplaying Captain Lee Hazen to discuss the selection of a third

pair to supplement their team at the World Championship. Although a four-man team is adequate for a relatively short tournament, experience has shown that even the youngest and strongest of players can become fatigued by the demands of day-in and day-out world title competition.

While the victors were caucusing, the stunned losers remained closeted in another room, going over their scores and trying to figure out what had happened. Of one thing they were certain: neither of their pairs would be chosen to join the winners. Mathe's long feud with both Rubin and Feldesman, dating back to the 1966 World Championship, precluded any chance that Mathe would consider playing on a team that included either one of them. In the end the choice fell upon Edgar Kaplan of New York and Norman Kay of Philadelphia, who played together in two previous world championships. The Canadian duo, Eric Murray and Sammy Kehela, whom I had predicted as the likely selection (SI, Oct. 12), was named as the alternate pair.

Strangely enough, neither the Mathe nor the Feldesman team had won the major qualifying events for the playoffs, the 1970 Vanderbilt and Spingold team championships. The Vanderbilt winners, who included Kaplan-Kay and Murray-Kehela, lost to the Californians in the semifinal playoffs held in New York in September. At the same time, the Feldesman foursome eliminated the team of young New York area experts that had gained national attention by beating the Dallas Aces in the final match of the Spingold.

But there is no doubt that America will be well represented in Taiwan. The

Dallas Aces have qualified automatically, being defending world champions. And all but two (Swanson and Walsh) of this second team to which North America is entitled this year are experienced world championship contenders. So America has two shots at the title.

During the recent playoff, considerable attention was paid to what is called a three-way two bid. This invention by Ira Rubin, who is a computer expert as well as a bridge master, played an important role throughout the match. Ely Culbertson, the early genius of contract bridge, had always been thwarted in his quest for a special bid that would upset opponents. At one time he tried a two-way three bid—it could be either strong or weak—but this proved unwieldy. Rubin has evolved his even more complex three-way two bid by using a transfer principle not yet thought of in Culbertson's day. A Rubin opening bid of two in any suit may mean: 1) a reasonably

East-West vulnerable
West dealer

NORTH			
♠	A K J 10 9 6		
♥	Q 6 4 2		
♦	6 5		
WEST			
♠	J 10 9 5		
♥	Q 7 5 2		
♦	K 8		
♣	Q 3 2		
SOUTH			
♠	A Q 6 4 2		
♥	8 4		
♦	A Q J 2		
♣	9 7		
EAST			
♠	K 8 3		
♥	3		
♦	10 7 5		
♣	A K J 10 8 4		
WEST (Make)			
PASS	2 ♠	3 ♠	3 ♥
4 ♠	4 ♥	PASS	PASS
5 ♠	PASS	PASS	PASS
NORTH (Admit)			
PASS	2 ♠	3 ♠	3 ♥
4 ♠	4 ♥	PASS	PASS
5 ♠	PASS	PASS	PASS
EAST (Over)			
PASS	2 ♠	3 ♠	3 ♥
4 ♠	4 ♥	PASS	PASS
5 ♠	PASS	PASS	PASS
SOUTH (Withdraw)			
PASS	2 ♠	3 ♠	3 ♥
4 ♠	4 ♥	PASS	PASS
5 ♠	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: 2 of clubs

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ing hand containing the suit named; a powerhouse no-trump hand; or 3) a weak, preemptive-type hand with length in the suit ranking just above the suit named. Early in the match the bid stood 10 IMPs for the New York team on the deal shown.

In the closed room, Swanson opened North hand with three hearts, and everyone else passed. He did not try the fancy finesse, conceding a trick to West's queen in order to prevent a possible farrall in diamonds, and just made his contract.

When Rubin opened the North hand with two diamonds, the audience watching the open-room play via Via-Graph immediately recognized the bid as Ira's. Both Krauss, who overcalled with clubs, and Westheimer, who made an otherwise mysterious bid of three hearts, interpreted Rubin's opening bid as showing a weak preemptive-type hand with length in hearts. Mathe raised his partner's club bid to four, whereupon his confirmed the diagnosis by conceding to the heart game, which Mathe had bid. Since Westheimer had been the one to name the heart suit, he was the declarer.

East took his ace and king of clubs and shifted to a diamond, won by West with the king when South finessed his own. Declarer won the spade return, finessed his 8 of hearts—a play that would have been technically correct even if West had not doubled and revealed the location of the trumps. (Mathematically, the odds are greater that West holds four hearts including the queen than that East holds the queen alone, which would be the only case where cashing a high heart before finessing would be against an immediate finesse.) When East held the trick, Westheimer finessed again and had no trouble making the rest of the tricks and his contract. The New Yorkers scored a net gain of 450 points.

Later in the match—in fact, only 11 points from the finish—Rubin's three-way bid cropped up again, this time with a strong hand in the suit bid. It was a deal that was destined to prove the Californians with the 12 IMPs. In the end would represent their margin of victory, though it was an aggressive bidding of the Californians rather than any flaw in the New Yorkers' two-bid that made the difference in the result.

continued

At first glance it would seem that a club lead could defeat the contract; East could win with the ace, give his partner an immediate club ruff, and later the defenders could collect either the heart king or the queen of clubs, or both. But if declarer is careful to finesse his jack on the second club lead, he can limit the opponents to just two tricks. Declarer can win a heart shift with his ace, tell West's spade jack on the first trump lead and enter dummy with the 10 of spades to take the now proven club finesse. Dummy's remaining heart can then be discarded on the club king, after which declarer's heart loser can be ruffed with dummy's last trump.

When Swanson selected the heart king rather than his club as his opening, he made the lead that could set the contract. Westheimer won with the ace, drew trumps in two rounds and cashed the ace of diamonds. He then led a heart to West's queen, giving the defenders a chance to go wrong by leading two rounds of clubs. Instead, Swanson ex-

North-South
vulnerable
North dealer

WEST
♠ J 1
♥ K Q 7 1 3 2
♦ 9 7 4 2
♣ 4

NORTH
(Declarer)
PASS
PASS
5 ♦

NORTH
♠ 10 3 2
♥ J 4
♦ Q J 8 6 5
♣ 5 4 3

EAST
♠ 6 2
♥ 10 8 5
♦ K 10 3
♣ A Q 7 6 3

SOUTH
♠ A K Q 9 8 7
♥ A 9
♦ A
♣ K J 10 9

EAST
(Dummy)
PASS
PASS
3 ♣

Opening lead: King of hearts

ited with a diamond, dummy's jack forcing East's king. Declarer ruffed, entered dummy with the spade 10 and discarded a club on the good diamond queen. But it was of no avail. On the club lead from dummy, East could afford to duck—or go up with the ace and exit with a heart. Either way, South was

forced to give up two club tricks, minus 100.

At the other table, Krauss had on the South hand with two clubs, the conventional forcing bid on a strong hand. Feldesman-Gineve, sitting East, responded to four hearts, then bid South to play at four spades. Krauss won the opening lead of the heart king, drew trumps and eventually made the contract, losing two clubs and one heart. The combined loss for the New Yorkers was 720 points and that, as it turned out, was the match.

The question that now arises is what will happen in Taiwan? The French won the European Championship and will be strong contenders for the world title. The Australians, who will be competing in the World Championship for the first time, finished first in the Far East Championship and will also be a threat. But America has two teams, each of them powerful enough to be considered the favorite. Hopefully one of them will bring home the Bermuda Bowl.



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Layer cake for the Canucks

After waiting 53 years for the opportunity, just being in the big league is a feast for Vancouver. A playoff position is like extra dessert

For a combo that was picked to finish an easy list in practically everybody's book, Dale Tallon and the Retreads are doing all right. The Vancouver Canucks, to give them their proper name, came into the National Hockey League—along with the Buffalo Sabres—with live strikes against them: the Bruins, the Canadiens, the Rangers, the Red Wings and the Maple Leafs, five of the six established teams that for more years than many remember made up the entire NHL.

For reasons comprehensible only to the governors of hockey's one major league, the two expansion teams brought in at the beginning of this season were both arbitrarily assigned to the East Division, thus pitting the rawest recruits against the most seasoned veterans. It was like inviting the kiddies to the backyard pool and then throwing them into the ocean with the sharks.

"Beating Buffalo is No. 1 for us,"

said the Canucks' general manager Bud Poile in a discussion of his team's immediate future. "If we go beyond that and beat any of the established teams in the East, that will be peaches, cream and chocolate layer cake."

So, being new to the league and hence responsive to all the tired clichés of the sports pages, the "hungry" young Canucks proceeded to help themselves generously to the goodies. So far they have beaten the Toronto Maple Leafs—their seniors in the league by 53 years—three times and lost not once. And, after their first 28 games in the major league, they had managed to entrench themselves solidly in fourth place, three points ahead of Detroit and only five points behind the Canadiens. "The Vancouver guys look like Stanley Cup champions already whenever we play against them," grumped Maple Leaf President Stafford Smythe.

For Vancouver fans, who had waited not always patiently to get into the big time ever since the NHL was founded, the idea of a Stanley Cup the first time out is pretty exciting, but nobody really believes that could happen. Just having the Canucks in a playoff position is wonder enough, considering what the team has to work with.

Of the 20 players on Vancouver's roster, only Tallon—a 6'1", 195-pound defenseman with some startlingly Orr-like habits—is worthy of real note. The other Canucks—players like Orland Kurtenbach, Andre Boudrias, Wayne Maki, Murray Hall, Gary Doak and Charlie Hodge—have all bounced around the NHL and the minor leagues like so many Ping-Pong balls. According to Coach Hal Laycoe, this is not a bad thing at all. "What we have," he says, "is a lot of coachable players. These guys will listen. They don't think they know everything about the game."

What the players have in Laycoe is a sound fundamentalist who favors defen-

sive tactics and probably knows more about how to coach than anyone in the NHL. Even Jack Kent Cooke, who fired Laycoe as coach of his Los Angeles Kings after a 24-game trial last year, might admit that by now.

Laycoe's budding star, the 20-year-old Tallon, came to the Canucks as a second choice in the amateur draft when Poile lost Gilbert Perreault, the best of the available amateurs, to Buffalo's Punch Imlach. The loss was not too tragic; Vancouver's young second choice has already scored more goals (six) than any defenseman in the league except Orr. He is a strong puck carrier, a dependable player at the point and a stiff body-checker around the goal.

"Sure, we hoped to get Perreault at the draft, but right now we don't have a complaint in the world about the way Dale has played for us," says Poile. "He has more responsibility on the ice than you'd like a 20-year-old to have. Someday he'll help win a Stanley Cup for the people of Vancouver."

A scratch golfer who won the Canadian Junior championship in 1969 and rejected half a dozen golf scholarships to colleges in the U.S., Tallon is already the people's favorite. His picture was on the cover of the Canucks' program for the game against Philadelphia last week (which Vancouver won 5-4) and it helped the program sell out. After the game Dale stood outside the locker room and autographed programs for more than an hour.

"We have an obligation to these people," Tallon says. "Vancouver waited—what was it?—half a century for the NHL to come out here, so we have to play well for these people. We owe it to them. They make us want to play well, too. Sure they greet Gordie Howe and Bobby Hull and Bobby Orr with standing ovations, but when the game begins they are for the Canucks all the way."

Hockey fans long before the NHL even began, the citizens of Canada's third-largest city have turned out to root the Canucks home at an average of 14,950 for their first 12 games. "The people here waited too long for NHL hockey," says Poile, "and now they want to prove to the world that a Vancouver team should have been in the league years ago."

"Hey," yelled one fan as he left the rink following the Canucks' win over the Flyers, "we belong at last." **END**



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Bill Fitch can't decide whether to laugh or cry as he watches . . .

The madcap Cavs of Cleveland

By losing their first 15 games the Cleveland Cavaliers had already assured themselves of a measure of immortality. Now Coach Bill Fitch was pacing the streets of Portland, Ore., hoping for at least a power failure that would prevent his team from losing No. 16 and thereby surpassing the record of the defunct Denver Nuggets for the worst start in National Basketball Association history. Passing an antique shop, Fitch noticed a cast-iron skull in the window and decided that perhaps voodoo could succeed where wind sprints had failed.

He paid \$1.95 for the skull and presented it to his players just before they left the dressing room. "This," he said, "is all that remains of the Nuggets' coach."

The Cavaliers saved Fitch's cranium—and perhaps avoided a few knos on their own—by winning 105-103 in a game so badly played that Fitch said afterward, "It looked like the gamblers got to both teams." But old devil magic faded fast. Cleveland failed to win its next 11 games, and by last week had run its record to 2-27. Next to the Cavs' .069 percentage, the achievements of the original baseball Mets were magnificent. Not since the Sabres have people been as rudely handled by the opposition. Not since Alf Landon has anyone been so badly outscored. Only the Cavaliers could sing *I'm Working Behind You* to Eddie Fisher and mean it.

Before the season Fitch said, "War is hell, but expansion is worse," and he knew of what he spoke. The NBA graciously welcomed Cleveland by scheduling its first seven games, and 14 of its first 19, on the road. The Cavaliers had turned down the veteran journeymen that the established teams offered in the draft and intentionally selected the youngest roster among the three new clubs. The unhappy results have left Fitch with the ambivalence of the man who discovered his 16-year-old daughter staggering home from a date at 6 a.m. with a Gideon Bible under her arm. He could not decide whether he should laugh or cry, so he tried a little of both.

After the first road trip, on which the Cavaliers lost all seven by an average of 17 points, Fitch said, "I feel like a guy who has lockjaw and seasickness at the same time." He hoped that a few home games would provide a cure. He was perhaps counting on the ice under the basketball floor, which gives the Cleveland arena all the conviviality of a meat locker, an environment ideal for cooling off the NBA's hot teams. Still, the Cavaliers' trouble soon reached epidemic proportions.

Nick Mileti, the high-velocity lawyer who two years ago purchased the arena and Cleveland's minor league hockey franchise, and then last spring acquired a pro basketball franchise for the city, wanted to start off his new team with a toast. Each Cleveland customer was given a wine glass on opening night, and

each was supposed to have had a goodly snort of Aquarius, a wine of unspecified vintage stomped out by Canandaigua Industries, an outfit more suggestive of a chemical combine than a vintner. Canandaigua, which also bottles those other enologists' delights, Wild Irish Rose and Virginia Dare, offers Aquarius as "the wine of the new age," but Ohio liquor authorities decided that some old laws still applied and Mileti was barred from serving his fans. The latter could only raise empty glasses in a simulated toast to the team, which may be just about as satisfying as a simulated win.

Cleveland lost to San Diego in that home opener 110-99, but it was the earlier losses away from home that really hurt. The Cavaliers had sold more season tickets than any expansion franchise ever has, but by the time the team got around to playing at home the losing streak had dampened fan interest.

In 10 home dates since then, Cleveland has not once managed to draw more than 3,575 people, although the chilly arena has otherwise been nicely refurbished by Mileti. Those who do come are remarkably uninhibited, considering their lack of companionship. Nor do they seem unduly disturbed by events beyond their ken. On their second road trip, the Cavaliers lost to the 76ers by 54 points, the biggest victory ever for a Philadelphia team. "We were behind by 48 points at the half," recalls Fitch. "I came out for the third period and gave their coach the peace sign. He returned a slightly different gesture."

The Cavaliers' persistent losses have gained them a reverse notoriety. In Boston they are called The World Famous Cavaliers, in New York The Madcap Cavaliers, in Cincinnati The Cleveland Cadavers, and back home simply The Lovables. When Guard Johnny Egan's wife Joan took their two small children to a game, one thought they were at the circus and asked where the clowns were. Joan pointed to the Cavaliers.

For Fitch, who had never lost more than four consecutive games in 16 years as a college coach at Coe, North Dakota, Bowling Green and Minnesota, the Cavalier reverses have lent a bittersweet cast to his innate good humor. "This is the unhappiest time of my life," he said last week. "I can be funny when I have to be, but it's no fun going home at night and not being able to sleep. The players must feel they've got Polly

Bergen coaching. Two years ago I was the coach of the year in Ohio and the legislature passed a resolution praising my achievements. This year they'll probably pass a law against me."

The selfish NBA expansion plan leaves new teams without the assets most needed to win—a superstar and depth. "One night we had a helluva game in Phoenix," Fitch said. "We're down a point, 104-103, with a couple of minutes to go and it looks like we have a shot at it. I call time and I'm coaching my butt off, talking it up with the players. Then I look down at the other bench and they've got four guys sitting around drinking Gatorade while their coach is talking to Connie Hawkins. What happens? Hawkins goes out and scores the next six points. Their guy is playing one-on-five and they still win it."

Cleveland's inexperience—nine of its 12 players are 25 or younger—has hurt against its fellow expansion teams (the Cavs are 2-6 against Portland and Buffalo), but it is now too late for Fitch to make changes. "We put a few guys out on waivers, and the only one who was picked up was the skull," he says. "As far as trades are concerned, my phone doesn't even ring when I'm in the bathtub."

Of the players on hand, the most promising is John Johnson, the 6'7" rookie from Iowa who plays both guard and forward. "It's tougher this way than if I was on a winner," he says. "I've got to learn the league as a rookie, and I also have to live with losing. I've never lost more than three games in a row before in my life, and it's hard to take. You have to have a chuckle now and then or else you'd go nuts. But it's not funny."

"It's embarrassing," says starting Guard Bob Lewis, who came from San Francisco in the draft and has had a rugged time over the last 56 games, considering that the Warriors lost 21 of their final 27 a year ago. "This continual losing, it's terrible. You can't talk to your friends. They're always trying to tell you what's wrong."

Since that first win over Portland, the Cavaliers have been losing by an average of only 12 points a game. Perhaps that is what has allowed Bill Fitch to retain some shreds of optimism. "Hope springs eternal," he volunteers. "Maybe we're the only team in the league that has had its flu shots."

END

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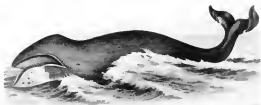
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When a race breathes no more

As one of his last official acts, the former Secretary of the Interior moved to save a threatened whale population. Here, he explains why



Part of the price we've paid for our nation's rapid growth has been the permanent loss of some of our wild creatures. The passenger pigeon, the plains wolf and heath hen are names that echo accusingly through our short history. Man's ravages have already driven 47 species of U.S. wildlife over the brink of extinction. More than 120 species have disappeared throughout the world since 1600. Today hundreds of the earth's living animals, assailed by pollution poisons, loss of habitat and overexploitation, face a similar fate.

Naturalist William Beebe said, "When the last individual of a race of living things breathes no more, another Heaven and another Earth must pass before such a one can be again."

Since we do not have the capacity or technology to create another Heaven or Earth, we had best be wary of what we destroy. We have begun to understand the fragile web of life of which we are but a precious part. We are also becoming painfully aware that man is the only species that willfully damages that web for reasons of greed, hatred or ignorance. Too many of our scientists have warned us that, unless we stop now, one too many species of wildlife soon may be wiped out, one too many lakes or rivers fouled beyond redemption.

I have often said that the greatest challenge of the '70s is to prevent further damage to our environment. We must learn use without abuse of our natural resources. It is far cheaper to initiate preventive action than attempt to repair damage already done. This philosophy

applies especially to living things because there is a point after which destruction is irreparable.

In the cause of such preventive action, I decided to add all of the world's great whales, including the three species still commercially hunted (sperm, finback and sei), to the endangered species list. This will prevent the importation of any parts or products from these animals into this country. Since the U.S. uses 25% to 30% of the world's whale products, I realize that this will cause certain difficulties. Special permits should be issued for up to 12 months if existing importers of whale products can show that they will suffer economic hardship. This will allow whales already caught to be marketed.

But in view of the existing evidence on the status of whales, I made this decision for the following reasons. First, it appeared that the whaling nations still viewed whale resources on a short-term basis. Many scientists have told me that if present trends continue, all large whales will be driven to the point of possible extinction within a few years. Thus the world would lose a tremendously valuable and needed source of protein. If the whales' breeding stocks were allowed to build back up, a sustained annual harvest far larger would be possible. But the whaling nations and their organizing body, the International Whaling Commission (IWC), have not regarded this great resource with a long-term, wise use outlook.

To illustrate this, a brief résumé of whaling shows that during the peak year

of 1930-31 whalers took almost 30,000 blue whales—the mightiest creature ever to live on the face of the earth. Today some estimates of the number surviving are as low as 600, the highest 3,000. They have been protected since 1965, but the question is: Are there enough animals left for males to find females across the great oceans? The numbers are so low that the death rate from natural causes and from occasional "accidental" harpooning may be much greater than the birth rate. It would be a crime beyond belief if in the same decade that we walked on the moon we also destroyed the largest animal that ever was. The humpback whale, a playful monster renowned for its unearthly songs and foam-spattering leaps, has also been reduced to the point of possible extinction. The bowhead and two right whale species, almost exterminated by early hunters, have never really recovered. Only the California gray whale, after decades of complete protection, has made a partial recovery.

Now the 80-foot finback is being pursued down the same path. From a peak Antarctic harvest of over 30,000 in the early '60s these waters now yield only some 2,500 whales a year. Just a few years ago an annual harvest of 10,000 fins could have been carried on indefinitely. But the "pattern of predation," as Scott McVay, chairman of the Committee on Whales of the Environmental Defense Fund, calls it, continues. With the fins on the way out, the whalers are now concentrating on the smaller sei and sperm whales. As they go down the line,

continued

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they must kill more whales, and even porpoises, to make the business barely pay. In 1930-31 some 43,000 whales yielded 3.5 million barrels of oil. In 1966-67, 52,000 whales yielded a mere 1.5 million barrels.

But consider that the IWC's present kill quotas for baleen whales in the Antarctic are 20% higher than those recommended by its own scientific committee and that the male sperm-whale catch in the North Pacific is a shocking 2½ times the sustainable yield estimated by Japanese scientists. The IWC agreed to reduce its sperm quota by a meager 10%, but the whaling nations still refuse to allow international observers to supervise the regulations on quotas, size and species. On this basis cetologists contend that these species will be commercially extinct within 10 years.

I am not against using renewable resources, but to drive any animal to extinction for short-term profits is unacceptable. The Endangered Species Act is not only a last-ditch effort to save animals from elimination, but to help prevent other species from reaching that point. I took this action in hopes that it will influence the whaling nations to review their outlook and institute some kind of international control to save this invaluable resource. The U.S. is a member and strong supporter of the IWC, and I believe that this step will help the IWC to fulfill the aim of its 1946 charter to conserve whales and regulate the industry.

Recently John Gulland of the Department of Fisheries, United Nations Food and Agricultural Organization, suggested placing "responsibility for the whales in the United Nations, and specifically in an International Whaling Authority. The strength of the Authority would rest on three provisions: annual kill quotas by species, annual kill quotas by nations and inspection by the Authority. The quotas would rest on research, and the whole scheme would rest on education and goodwill and world-wide reverence for Life." This plan would involve nations giving up their individual rights. Are we ready for such a plan?

The second reason I took this action was that all whale products, with the exception of the meat, can be produced by other means. After we killed off the buffalo we found replacements for its meat and hide. Must we kill off the great whales before we use the replacements

for its products? Soap, margarine, beauty creams, machine oil and pet food are hardly a justifiable reason to destroy the world's mightiest creature. Substitutes can be used for all of these products—even the sperm oil so prized in industry.

The third obvious reason is on behalf of the whales themselves. Of what value is a whale besides its meat? I've thrilled to whales off the coasts of Alaska. The sudden appearance of a great black back, the whoosh of its blow, the echoing slap of a mighty tail typify the mystery of the sea. Victor Scheffer, author of *The Year of the Whale*, perhaps describes it best: "Moving through a dim, dark, cool, watery world of its own, the whale is timeless and ancient, part of our common heritage and yet remote, awful, prowling the ocean floor a half-mile down, under the guidance of powers and senses we are only beginning to grasp."

Herman Melville said over a century ago, "Whether owing to the almost on-scenic look-outs at the mast-heads of the whale-ships, now penetrating through Behning's straits, and into the remotest secret drawers and lockers of the world; and the thousand harpoons and lances darted along all continental coasts; the moot point is, whether Leviathan can long endure so wide a chase, and so remorseless a havoc; whether he must not at last be exterminated from the waters."

Melville would be surprised to learn that whaling reached its height in the last decade. The lookouts have been replaced with radar and helicopters, the longboats with 20-knot whale catchers. A factory ship can dispose of an 80-ton carcass in 30 minutes. No animal can endure such a massive technological onslaught.

Scheffer says, "If you believe in people, you will believe in whales. If you believe that human life has meaning or purpose or direction or destiny, you will know in your heart that our life is bound all around and together and forever with the lives of the animals who were present at our creation. If we survive, we will care for the whales and the other wild creatures, and if we perish through our own cleverness, the end of the wild things will have been an early warning of our folly."

I have great hopes that a rational policy will prevail in regard to the whales. I took this step to help speed up acceptance of such a policy.

END



"Was it his pipe?"

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The Greening of the Fighting Irish

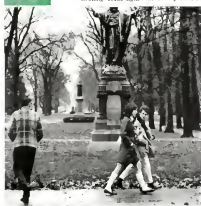
The statue of the Virgin still looks down from the famous Golden Dome, and football still dominates the autumn Saturdays at Notre Dame. But even here there is New Awareness, for the times, they are a-changing in South Bend

by
JERRY KIRSHENBAUM





*A girl cheerleader and
swirling coeds signal the end of an era.*



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES H. HANE

The weathered words GOD, COUNTRY, NOTRE DAME are inscribed above a doorway of that school's 99-year-old Sacred Heart Church. They are words that bring to mind faded newsreels of America's young, marching unflinchingly off to war. But change is in the air even at Notre Dame, its handiwork evident from the northern shore of St. Joseph's Lake, which somebody recently discovered is polluted, to the southernmost reaches of the 18-hole Notre Dame golf course, where women were allowed to play this year for the first time. God and country? Nearly a seventh of last June's Notre Dame graduates answered the call to arms by claiming to be conscientious objectors.

If some Fighting Irish are unwilling to fight, a good number of others are anything but Irish. Drawn from every imaginable background, the sons of Notre Dame still walk the shaved campus beneath the familiar statue of the Virgin Mary high atop the Golden Dome, the landmark that crowns the old main building. The Dome dazzles as always, thanks to a \$50,000 repainting job in 1961 as well as to the good graces of several black students, who met secretly not long ago to determine whether to snuck to the top and paint it black. They decided against it, which should dispel the myth, one of many that persist about the place, that Notre Dame men are reluctant to think for themselves. As one conspirator put it, "We were afraid of falling off the Dome and breaking our necks."

Another myth has it that this most famous of the nation's Catholic universities, this seat of higher learning with the quaintly official name of the University of Notre Dame du Lac, is some sort of football factory. Yet it is at least symbolic that Notre Dame's old football practice field, ground hallowed by an almost inexhaustible supply of Bertellis, Lujacks and Hoinungs, has been given over for seven years now to one of the world's largest university libraries, a 14-story tower that rises from the northern Indiana plain in lofty assertion of the school's latter-day claim to academic respectability.

Once known as the "Catholic West Point," an image that suggested esprit, obedience and (at the time) football prowess, Notre Dame has more recently chosen to think of itself as nothing less than the "Catholic Harvard." Football? If Notre Dame's farflung followers continue to clamor for victory it is probably out of deepest habit, nothing more. And if their heroes go to great lengths not to disappoint, as demonstrated most recently by the 9-1 record run up by this year's Cotton Bowl-bound team, perhaps it is only because Notre Dame happens to be, beneath those world-beating ways, a most obliging sort of place.

Under the proper coaxing, even the most rabid of Notre Dame's campus partisans will allow that football is incidental, that their university's greatest battle is being waged not in any jammed stadium on an autumn Sat-

continued

Fighting Irish continued

urday, not even against Texas on New Year's Day. The showdown that matters is acted out daily on campus, between the traditional and the modern, the secular and the Catholic, the far-out and the straight. One onlooker who hopes to see it all settled with minimum disruption—a 7-6 squeaker either way might suit him fine—is Frank O'Malley, class of '32, longtime English professor, no hidebound conservative yet a man who once protested the rumored razing of a campus building by arguing, in words that surely had the ring of Harvard, "There's blood in the bricks."

Today O'Malley contemplates a loss far deeper than a single building. "The unique thing about Notre Dame is what I like to call its terrible humanity," he says. "It's a humanity that acknowledges the existence of other people in all their frailty, it's a sense of being part of a community, of being in a place. But now I wonder if we're going to destroy that atmosphere. I wonder if we're going to wind up like any other institution."

Hungry for change but anxious to preserve its own identity, Notre Dame seems suspended at times between the turbulent present and the placid 1950s. Many of its students, like those elsewhere, boycotted classes last May to protest the events of Cambodia and Kent State, yet they did so only a few days after 1,000 of them, chanting "Here come the Irish," had marched off to St. Mary's College, the women's school a mile distant, for a panty raid. It is revealing, too, that marijuana is smoked more or less openly in Notre Dame's residence halls at the same time that campus police, patrolling the quads outside, busily shoo students off (are you ready?) the grass. Leaf through an old student yearbook, and there is Notre Dame's now-defunct chapter of the militant Students for a Democratic Society happily posing, like so many Young Republicans, for a group photo. Or roam the campus and listen to the youths in boots and bell-bottoms play their guitars. Not angry protest songs, mind you, or even folk ballads. Listen again:

What though the odds be great or small,

Old Notre Dame will win over all...

Part of Notre Dame's split personality is derived from its unhurried, almost cloistered, atmosphere, one reminiscent of the French boarding schools that Father Edward Sorin, a priest in the French-based Congregation of the Holy Cross, had in mind when he trudged across the snow to found the university in 1842. Notre Dame's 6,400 undergraduates and 1,700 law and graduate students, an enrollment smaller than that of any Big Ten school, share their bountiful campus with squirrels, chipmunks and occasional deer that infiltrate from the nearby woods. So spread out are the yellow-brick Gothic buildings that it takes long strides to get between classes in time, which perhaps is one reason why few of the good Holy Cross fathers bother anymore to wear their ankle-length cassocks.

Yet Notre Dame is situated not in a wheat field somewhere, but along busy U.S. 31 on the northern outskirts of South Bend, a gray Midwestern industrial city. South Bend's 123,000 citizens, many of them clustered in working-class Polish and Hungarian neighborhoods, mow their lawns, rake their leaves, and, during winter's long siege, shovel snow and more snow from their driveways. South Bend knows crime and racial tension, and its trust in the best of all possible worlds was shaken by the closing in 1963 of the local Studebaker facility, once its biggest employer. But in its dealings with Notre Dame it is the most considerate of neighbors. Double feature at the Granada? A beer at Nickie's? South Bend stands ready to assist, but it takes care never to intrude.

While Notre Dame lies apart from the urban bustle of the big Jesuit-founded schools like New York's Fordham and Washington's Georgetown, it has nevertheless plunged into the mainstream of American education. Its propelling force is the Rev. Theodore Hesburgh, who at a time when college presidents cannot be sure of outlasting this year's freshmen has headed Notre Dame for 18 years. The public-spirited Hesburgh is also, among his other extracurricular activities, chairman of the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights. A dark-eyed, compact man of 53, his immense

energies are undiminished by a nagging case of tendinitis, which he combats with precisely faith and a copper bracelet.

It is with precisely this mixture of the spiritual and the temporal that Hesburgh has sought to refute George Bernard Shaw's dictum that "a Catholic university is a contradiction in terms." Committed to the ideal of free inquiry well before Vatican II breathed new purpose into Catholic education, Hesburgh's Notre Dame has beeped up its long-weak social sciences, expanded graduate studies and research and filled a gaping void by starting a psychology department from scratch. If it would come as a surprise to anybody that Notre Dame is free of direct papal control, it might come as a far bigger shock that the school in recent years has provided safe haven for teachers who were fired for unpopular views by at least two state universities.

As part of its academic awakening, Notre Dame has increased faculty salaries by 70% over the last decade and put up a dozen major buildings, financed by a remarkable \$100 million it has raised during that period. But because of all that spending, its endowment has grown to only \$60 million, meager compared to Harvard's billion-plus, a fact that leaves Notre Dame eager to please the alumni and foundations that are the chief sources of any university's money and approval. Something that Notre Dame officials take particular pride in is their open speaker policy under which students last spring listened peacefully to William Kunstler, the Chicago Seven lawyer who at the time was banned by the University of Illinois as too inflammatory. But education is a tricky business. When Vatican-baiting James Kavanagh, appearing under that same policy three years ago, used the occasion to announce his resignation from the priesthood, Notre Dame was sufficiently unsettled to place an ad in *The New York Times* disclaiming any association with the renegade priest.

Other universities are at pains to protect their good names, too, and Notre Dame, coping with so much change, can probably be excused if it sometimes seems overly vigilant. The most far-reaching change involved nothing less

continued

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This Polaroid Land camera is one of the most automatic cameras in history.

(It will let you focus and shoot, but there's not much else it will let you do.)

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It also sets all exposures electronically. Automatically.

The electric eye and electronic shutter can take a picture at 1/1000th of a second in bright sunlight. (Fast enough to "freeze" a fast tennis serve.)

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And you can even take black-and-white pictures indoors *without flash*. (In any light good enough to read by.)

There's a dual image Zeiss Ikon rangefinder-viewfinder.

(You frame the picture as you focus, in the same window.)

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Beautiful all metal body. Brushed chrome finish.

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**THIS IS ONE OF THOSE FANCY
RUM DRINKS WITHOUT THE COCONUT
SHELL, STRIPED STRAWS, FRUIT JUICES,
ORANGE SLICES, PLASTIC MONKEYS
AND FLOWERS.**

**IT'S RUM-ON-THE-ROCKS.
DON'T KNOCK IT TILL YOU'VE TRIED IT.**



It may sound like the last thing you'd ever want to try. But that's only how it sounds. It's not how it tastes.

Of all straight alcoholic beverages, White Puerto Rican Rum is probably the easiest and smoothest to drink.

When you take away all the fruit juices and decorations, you discover why the fancy rum drinks taste good. Rum tastes good.

At least, Puerto Rican Rum does.

Our rum is light and clear and dry with no bite or strong aroma. Because all Puerto Rican Rums are distilled at high proof. And aged. And filtered with charcoal for added smoothness.

Try pouring straight gin, straight vodka and White Puerto Rican Rum over ice.

Then taste each one.

The smoothness of the rum is bound to surprise you.

If you never drink your drinks on the rocks, even our rum may not make a rum-on-the-rocks drinker out of you.

But it certainly will get rid of any false impressions you have about the taste of Puerto Rican Rum.

THE RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

A free recipe book is yours for the asking.
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Fighting Irish continued

than ownership of the university. In 1967 Notre Dame's Holy Cross community, while continuing to provide administrators from Hesburgh on down, relinquished formal control to a lay-dominated board of trustees. But the development most visible to the casual visitor is the presence on campus of so many women. Although Notre Dame remains officially coed only on the graduate level, an arrangement with St. Mary's now allows students of the two schools to shuttle across U.S. 31 to attend classes together, and plans are in the works for a coed residence hall.

Hesburgh pronounces himself generally satisfied with the university's direction, and that goes for football, too. "I rather like the proportion football is in now," he says. "I think we've proved it's possible to play competent, effective football and have a good university, too. We're very relaxed about football at Notre Dame."

It has not always been that way, of course. When Hesburgh, then only 35, became Notre Dame's president in 1952 he held a series of press conferences on the West Coast and was appalled that the only reporters who bothered to show up were sportswriters. He was defensive thereafter about Notre Dame athletics. "Why, we've got the loudest gym in the country," he often said, the reference being to the drafty field house where Notre Dame played its home basketball games. That argument was blunted two years ago when the field house was replaced by an \$8.6-million Athletic and Convocation Center, a white, double-domed building that the more irreverent students immediately acclaimed "the world's biggest hris."

If Hesburgh was embarrassed by football's long shadow, he was no less so when Notre Dame, the school of Knute Rockne and Frank Leahy, suffered its version of the great potato famine. Who would have dreamed it could happen here? Certainly not Rockne, the Norwegian-born chemistry teacher who compiled a 105-12-5 record from 1918 until his death in a plane crash in 1931, a loss so staggering that some grief-stricken alumni called for his internment on the 50-yard line of Notre Dame's new

stadium. And not Leahy, either, the cool-by brilliant taskmaster who seemed to associate victory with virtue, if not salvation, and ran up an 87-11-9 record in the '40s and early '50s.

And yet it happened. When illness forced Leahy to quit in 1954 Hesburgh quickly installed as coach 25-year-old Terry Brennan, an ex-Irish halfback whose youthful, low-keyed image promised welcome relief from the high-octane Leahy years. If Brennan turned out to be a mistake, it remains a question whether the mistake was in hiring or firing him. There were morale problems under the inexperienced Brennan, and although he suffered only one losing season before he was sacked in 1958, Notre Dame played without its accustomed authority even when winning. The team fared worse under Joe Kuharich and Hugh Devore, its restoration awaiting the arrival in 1964 of Ara Parseghian, a French-Armenian Presbyterian out of Northwestern.

Notre Dame men now accept as one of life's more pleasant verities that Parseghian was born for the job, a sound coach in the Leahy mold and one, moreover, with a flair for public relations. A few complain that he "blows the big ones," but these are usually the fans who tend to consider every Notre Dame game a big one. It is true enough, though, that Parseghian's 57-10-4 record will always be blemished by the 1966 showdown with Michigan State, another of those "games of the century" that come along every few years. It ended with Notre Dame, supposedly that year's national champion, sitting ingloriously on a 10-10 tie rather than going for victory. Parseghian also came up a loser in Notre Dame's first postseason game in 45 years, against Texas in the 1970 Cotton Bowl, and has now twice managed to take undefeated teams to Southern California for season finales, only to lose both times.

Notre Dame officials have always denied any suggestion that alumni brought any undue pressure to bear because of the football recession of the 1950s. Yet if the Brennan-Kuharich-Devore experience proved anything at all it is that even a 6-4 record has no place at Notre

Dame. Students and old grads showed they could live with defeat if necessary, and the Subway Alumni—those factory workers, nuns and taxi drivers who make Notre Dame their adopted alma mater—demonstrated the same thing. But where is it taught in ROTC Leadership Lab 211L, or even in Existentialism 245, that defeat is necessary?

It was football, after all, that put Notre Dame on the map, producing in the process the one truly national following in all sports, college or professional. Today Notre Dame games are carried over 380 radio stations and shown on delayed videotape in 140 cities. Despite its relatively small student body, and even its \$7.50 ticket price (highest in college football), the 59,000-capacity stadium has not had an empty seat in six years. With Notre Dame's overall budget grown to \$50 million a year, football receipts no longer take on the vital importance they once did. Still, the 10 regular-season football games annually produce \$1.7 million or so, which, together with the roughly \$300,000 generated by Austin Carr and the rest of the Notre Dame basketball team, is enough to underwrite other varsity sports plus one of the most lavish intramural programs anywhere—and leave \$250,000 as profit for good measure.

"If football didn't pay for itself, I don't think we'd have it at Notre Dame," says the Rev. Edmund Joyce, who serves, not incompatibly, as both the university's overlord of athletics and chief financial officer. "It's all those schools that are losing money on football you have to wonder about. Why are they subsidizing football? Aren't they forced to take money from somewhere, from more important things?" Father Joyce states a cogent case for making football pay, which in turn, of course, is a very potent argument for winning.

But logic alone can never be a reason to win at football, and at Notre Dame there is added inspiration everywhere. One can search in vain for the Four Horsemen's stable, but the old campus statue of "Fair Catch Corby," showing an early Notre Dame president with a hand in the air, still stands, and there is also that huge mural adorning the li-

continued

Fighting Irish continued



Dave Kravitz. "Father never acts..."



The students: "...one more for the Gipper."



Lila Petrusak. "...perfect gentlemen."

brary of "Touchdown Jesus," whose upraised arms are on a direct sight line with the goalposts in the nearby stadium. Tired jokes and old Ronald Reagan movies aside, are there possibly any Notre Dame men who would not, if given the chance, go out and gladly win one more for the Gipper?

Yes, there are. Before this year's Purdue game somebody ran an ad in *The Observer*, the student paper, noting: IT HAS BEEN FOUR YEARS SINCE NOTRE DAME HAS BEATEN A BOILERMAKER TEAM. Next day another ad, this one placed by two upperclassmen calling themselves Students for Reordered Priorities, asked: so what? And here and there a harsher note is heard. "It would be the greatest thing in the world if Notre Dame had six 0-and-10 seasons in a row," says Dan Hyde, a junior from La-Crosse, Wis. "The way everybody lives and dies for football around here is absurd." Hyde is active in student government—he is the campus ombudsman, a sort of official problem-solver—but his distaste for the football fever that infects Notre Dame produces in him a sense of isolation. "Maybe I just don't belong here," he concludes.

It makes sense that Notre Dame's football tradition should attract students who love the game. How else explain the fact that more than a quarter of the present freshman class lettered in high school football? How else account for Notre Dame's intramural football program—not the collection of straggly touch players you find on other campuses, but 650 men happily hanging heads as members of 18 fully equipped teams? It used to be said that Dillon Hall could whip Kansas State, but Parseghian, whose recruiting is keyed to convincing prospects they can play at Notre Dame, discourages any talk that the campus abounds in surplus talent.

The fashion on many campuses today is to knock competitive sport, but at Notre Dame even the critics of big-time football usually add quickly, "But don't get me wrong—I *love* football." Their enthusiasm spills over to other sports. Notre Dame men think nothing of jogging through heavy snows, taking batting practice in the corridors of their

residence halls or—this is Indiana, remember—playing pickup basketball at all hours. Significantly, Notre Dame is one of the few universities that still has intramural boxing, the finals of which, the Bengal Bouts, drew a total of 5,000 spectators last spring.

For all the outward expressions of masculinity, Notre Dame until recently went further in sheltering its students than many Catholic women's colleges do: to say nothing of Vassar and Radcliffe. There were morning Mass checks and evening curfews, and lights were turned off in all rooms at 11 p.m. by a master switch. Students who tried to beat the system ran afoul of the Rev. Charles McCarragher, also known as Black Mac, the dreaded prefect of discipline. The story was told of earlier prefects, too, but a generation of Notre Dame men came of age believing that Black Mac wore one street shoe and one sneaker, this so he could run through the halls and have it sound as though he were walking.

Now the director of student aid, McCarragher seems an unlikely candidate to evoke undergraduate terror, a peppy little man who says: "Discipline is a word nobody seems to buy anymore." Just as Catholics have questioned the authority of their church, so Notre Dame men have dared to challenge the padre-knows-best tradition of campus life. Notre Dame no longer has either curfews or lights out, while cars, once forbidden, are now permitted for juniors and seniors. Most dramatic of all, students may drink and receive women in their rooms. There are still a few restrictions—the girls, for example, are supposed to be out by 2 a.m. on weekends—but students often find such rules convenient to ignore.

Besides greater freedom over their personal lives, Notre Dame men have won a louder voice in university policy, usually through student government but sometimes not. A case in point is the old field house, the local answer to Berkeley's People's Park. The university planned to raze the building two years ago, but art students, claiming squatters rights and supported by a big "Save the Field House" rally, took it over as studio space. The administration gave

continued



"My insurance company? New England Life, of course. Why?"

Give a little craftsmanship for Christmas.

The men who make Seagram's Benchmark still believe a job should be done the old-fashioned way—with skill, dedication, great care. Craftsmanship like this has to make a pretty special Bourbon. Don't you think it should make a pretty special gift, too?



Fighting Irish (continued)

in, and no bayonets were seen. The field house still stands, used by the likes of dark-eyed Lida Petruniak, a graduate art student and herself well-sculpted testimony to the school's liberated atmosphere. Lida's presence on campus might have touched off a near riot as recently as five years ago, but today she can say of Notre Dame men that they are "perfect gentlemen."

But nobody, not yet anyway, would contend that manhood is quite dead. Notre Dame men outnumber St. Mary's women 5 to 1, and most agree that co-education has not gone nearly far enough. Louis Rappelli, who runs an off-campus pizza restaurant called Louie's, says, "The way these students talk, there's a girl in every room. Well, I've got news for you. There ain't that many girls."

"The more girls we get into the system, the more chances for healthy development," agrees Sheridan McCabe, the university counseling psychologist, a job created four years ago after the first student suicide in campus history added to a growing feeling that perhaps the confessional was not always enough to answer all the inner needs of students. "It's a different world," he says. "These students need to deal with ambiguity, to be frustrated as hell and yet live with it, even thrive on it. That's a kind of discipline, too."

The Holy Cross fathers, their ranks thinning in recent years, have seen their influence wane both in the classroom, where they now make up only a small fraction of the faculty, and in the residence halls. Although many of them still serve as hall rectors, others are moving out. "I felt like a glorified janitor," explains the Rev. Edmund Murray, who recently quit after 16 years as a rector. The clerical split over the university's recent course was only too evident at last summer's chapter meeting of the local Holy Cross province, when a motion praising the leadership of Hesburgh and other Notre Dame officials ran into opposition and was quietly tabled.

As this suggests, Hesburgh is not immune to the political hazards of heading a university. Although he has gone along with some campus reforms—women's

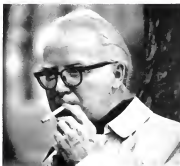
visiting hours, for one—only with deepest reluctance, the more conservative Holy Cross fathers, along with a good many alumni, accuse him of capitulating to students. And while he is a practicing liberal who shares youth's concern about Vietnam and racism, it is tempting for some students to regard him as one of the pillars holding up the Establishment.

To his own discomfort, part of the headline-reading public seems to regard Hesburgh in almost Agnewesque terms, as a hard-liner with students. The reason is his now-famous statement, issued in February 1969 following disorderly demonstrations on his campus. It warned that anybody engaging in unlawful demonstrations in the future would be given "15 minutes of meditation to cease and desist"—or face on-the-spot suspension.

The statement, as Hesburgh has been busily explaining ever since, also contained a defense of peaceful dissent and a warning that political interference in campus affairs could lead to "a rebirth of fascism." But all that was obscured by his 15-minute-or-else edict, which President Nixon eagerly endorsed in a letter that began, "Dear Ted . . ."

Most Notre Dame students resent the overpopular image of themselves as choirboys out of harmony with the times, and one can derive a sense of being fashionably with-it from the fact that the campus does have its full-blaze dissidents. Still, nearly everybody agrees that their numbers are minuscule, and the student body as a whole remains slow to get riled up politically. One sign of this is that Notre Dame is one of the few schools with ROTC programs in all three military services. Total ROTC participation has dropped, however, from a fourth of the student body in 1967 to 10% today.

And while most students have come around to opposing the Vietnam war—witness the number of conscientious objectors—Notre Dame is scarcely in the vanguard of antiwar activity. As recently as 1967 the senior class still gave a Patriot of the Year award, the recipient that year being General William Westmoreland, a symbol of something



Frank O'Malley: no "terrible bastards!"



Black Mar: no safe today on desecrator.



Father Theodore Hesburgh: no hard-liners.

continued

Fighting Irish continued

other than approbation on most other U.S. campuses.

Notre Dame men seem at times to draw their political inspiration from the labor movement, their preoccupation with bread-and-butter campus matters taking precedence over world and national affairs. But events can sometimes jolt the rank and file into the broader arena, as the week of rallies, diversions and protest marches over Cambodia and Kent State showed. In boycotting classes, many of the student body ignored a plea from Hesburgh (management, of course) to remain in class. But Hesburgh maintained control of the situation and helped shape the direction of the protests by calling at a campus rally for U.S. withdrawal at "the earliest moment," a statement that students promptly took door to door in South Bend, collecting 23,000 signatures.

Hesburgh's handling of the campus protests was a big success, meaning that he did not fully satisfy any of his critics. One of these was Dave Krashinsky, a senior from Pittsburgh and the first black ever elected president of Notre Dame's student body. Krashinsky, a leader of the boycott, applauds Hesburgh's antiwar stance, but remains righteously cynical when he says, "The father never acts, he just reacts." Another critic is Glen Corso, editor of *The Observer* and a political conservative who supported the Cambodian operation. "Hesburgh really psyched up the students with that speech of his," Corso complains.

Significantly, however, both Krashinsky and Corso express grudging admiration for the Notre Dame president. Corso concedes: "He's adroit. He can go to the alumni and say, 'Well, you may not like the way things are going, but compared to Harvard or Berkeley we're a sea of sanity.'" Although 23,000 signatures didn't exactly win Hesburgh another "Dear Ted" letter from the White House, and while a boycott of classes was hardly anyone's idea of conservatism, the fact remains that the university did get through one of the nation's most violent weeks without major disruption.

Amid all the criticism leveled at him, the one area where Hesburgh continues to get high marks from nearly everybody

is in personal dealings with students. Sometimes criticized for being away too much on other business, Hesburgh makes amends by habitually working late into the night while on campus, and stories of students walking unannounced into his high-ceilinged office—the walls of which are hung with photographs of himself in the company of popes and presidents—at 2 or even 3 a.m. take on the collective weight of legend.

There is no fraternity system at Notre Dame, which is no great loss, considering that Hesburgh and even the most cynical of students seem to think of the place as one big fraternity. It is a Catholic fraternity, of course, but Notre Dame, ecumenical from its earliest days, also harbors a small but growing number of Protestants, a smattering of Jews (one member of the class of '70 plans to become a rabbi) and, almost inevitably, an occasional young man recently drawn to the way of Zen. Notre Dame officials speak with pride of their school's growing diversity, even while they admit that regular Mass attendance and other traditional forms of worship are in sharp decline among the 95% of the students who remain at least nominally Catholic.

The contrast with the piety of former days is dramatic. "We students felt we had all the answers," says John Houck, a 1954 Notre Dame graduate and now professor of business management. "We knew what mortal sin was, we knew what grace was, we knew what confession was. The institutional church gave us a wall to bounce our questions off. Now that wall is gone." Like Catholics everywhere, Notre Dame students are caught up in a search for relevance—that catchword of our times—one result being that while many of them shun Sunday morning Mass, informal folk Masses are flourishing. One of the best-attended religious observances in years was held during the October 1969 Moratorium when 2,500 students, joined by Father Hesburgh, laid down their antiwar placards to celebrate a "resistance Mass"—at which several youths tore up their draft cards.

It would be too easy to conclude from all this that Notre Dame is necessarily

any less a Catholic university than before. It may be significant that the alumnus whose memory seems most alive on campus, other than Rockne, is the late Tom Dooley, the jungle doctor who graduated in 1948. His glass-framed letter to Hesburgh, written as he lay ill of cancer in a Hong Kong hospital in 1960, is displayed on campus before the flickering candles of the Grotto, a replica of the shrine at Lourdes. "The Grotto is the rock to which my life is anchored," he wrote, and he concluded: "I must return to the States very soon, and I hope to sneak into the Grotto before the snow has melted." He died a month later.

Even those who despair most about the state of Catholicism at Notre Dame take heart that many students, animated by conscience rather than authority, seem to share Dooley's interest in good works. It is a matter of pride around campus that 600 Notre Dame and St. Mary's students regularly tutor ghetto children in South Bend, and a source of wonder among many that an equal number gave up their tickets for last month's Georgia Tech game to disadvantaged youngsters. Such actions are seen by the Rev. James Burchaell, Notre Dame's newly appointed provost, as evidence that many students, far from losing their faith, are finally finding it. "These kids aren't really Catholic to begin with," Burchaell says. "Ritual must be confirmed by service, and our kids haven't served anybody before they get here."

Amid rumors that Hesburgh may soon step down as president, Burchaell, at 36, is widely thought to be in line for the job. Attentive and tough-minded, the iconoclastic young priest stirred up a to-do in 1968 by assailing Pope Paul's birth-control encyclical as "grossly inadequate and largely fallacious." Interviewed recently by the *Chicago Tribune*, he shocked traditionalists by posing before the Golden Dome in a sport coat and tie—like a growing number of Holy

Cross fathers, he sometimes wears clerical garb and sometimes not—at the same time that he angered students by saying, "We have to remember, they're just kids." Asked later whether that remark might not have sounded condescending,

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Fighting Irish continued

Burchaell replied brightly, "I meant it to sound condescending."

Burchaell made his reputation at Notre Dame by overhauling the theology department, which he headed for two years. Curiously, Notre Dame long was strongest in physical sciences, weakest in those studies—philosophy as well as theology—that are the foundation of Catholic higher education. Students were required to take theology courses that tended to rehash what they already knew from their catechism books or that spoon-fed them heaping servings of Thomism. The course requirement has recently been cut in half, and everybody is officially encouraged to question everything. In this vein the Rev. John Dunning, a popular theology professor, is apt to warn in midlecture: "My background and bias are showing." Adds Burchaell: "We're striving not for faith but understanding. Ironically, we feel this will result in a faith feedback."

One area of campus life less intertwined with religion, this to the relief of many, is football. The old *Reflexive Bulletin*, a weekly newsletter that exhorted Notre Dame men to pray for victory, has ceased to publish, and the last time the student body marched to the Grotto to thank the Blessed Virgin for football success was the day Notre Dame snapped Oklahoma's 47-game winning streak in 1957. The team still attends Mass together on game mornings, but only to promote "a sense of unity," in the words of the Protestant Parseghian, and not to pray for victory. Even without help from Di Nigro, Notre Dame's attitude toward football seems, well, di-ynic. When Pat O'Brien agreed to do his well-worn Rockne impersonation a couple of years ago at a Friday-night pep rally, Dick Conklin, who is now Notre Dame's publicity director, was afraid of a possible scene. "They're going to laugh the poor guy out of there," he protested. "Can't we stop it?" But when O'Brien stepped before the crowd a reverent hush fell over the field house, and some Notre Dame men could be seen flicking on portable tape recorders.

With the musty, barnlike old field house pressed into the service of the arts, the rally is held these days at less

suitable quarters around campus. But excited students still build their human pyramids, and they still fill the air with cries of obeisance when some greater or lesser assistant coach pleads, "Men, we'll be listening for you tomorrow!" And when tomorrow arrives, football Saturday, they oblige in full, leather-lunged measure, urged on by a corps of cheerleaders that now includes several belles of St. Mary's. It is an emotional throng, its spirit undiminished by the graduation last spring (in cap and gown, presumably) of the Stripper, a fellow who partially disrobed at a given moment in every game, even, marveled one usher, "when it was colder than all Billy Heck."

Not until Notre Dame safely puts the game out of reach—the earlier the better—does the frenzy subside. Then everybody relaxes and waits for the post-game rites: students for the Saturday-night Sergio Mendes or Bob Hope appearance, old grads for a stroll to the campus bookstore to load up on Notre Dame sweat shirts and baby bibs; the Subway Alumni for a last noisy sweep through Sweeney's, where green-vested bartenders pour the beer to a blast from the jukebox of *Tim Finnegan's Wake*.

It is thus that the legacy of Rockne, after whom Studebaker once named a car, has passed to Parseghian, whomakes TV commercials for Ford. Parseghian, a bristle-haired man of 47 who is not above going around campus in Notre Dame's colors—gold slacks, blue-and-gold rep tie, blue blazer—is old-fashioned enough to believe that a football coach must still be boss ("a benevolent dictator, ideally") but progressive enough to have given a guarded go-ahead to several players who wanted to take part in a campus demonstration. The coach himself endorsed last month's successful reelection campaign of South Bend Congressman John Brademas, a liberal Democrat. "Why can't a football coach endorse somebody?" Parseghian demands. "If I sat on my hands, I'm also influencing the decision, right?"

Given the high visibility of Notre Dame football, Parseghian could hardly have remained untouched by the issues of the day even had he wished. Banners have been raised at home football games

against the Vietnam war, while Krashna, the student-body president, has joined other blacks in protesting the "lily-white backfield." This Parseghian counters by noting that Notre Dame has half a dozen Negroes on the varsity—including standout Defensive Back Clarence Ellis and two reserve running backs, not to mention Tom Gatenood, Joe Theismann's All-American receiver. Indeed, there is more racial balance in Notre Dame's backfield than almost anywhere else on campus, only through the most strenuous efforts has Notre Dame succeeded in raising its total black population to 120.

An obstacle to attracting more Negro students is a shortage of scholarship funds, which is one reason why Notre Dame decided a year ago to reverse its 45-year-old policy against postseason play. Notre Dame is almost as expensive as the Ivy League—\$2,100 for tuition against \$2,400 at Harvard—and this makes recruitment of blacks, only 3.5% of whom are Catholic in the U.S., that much more difficult. The university grossed \$340,000 in the Cotton Bowl, and it earmarked the entire \$210,000 profit toward a new black-studies program and minority scholarships. But not everyone was satisfied. Student leaders wanted to know afterward how the school could possibly have run up \$130,000 in bowl-related expenses.

Athletes may be pernickety pariahs on some campuses, but not at football-minded Notre Dame, where they are often drawn very much into the thick of things. The prime case at the moment is Co-Captain Larry DiNardo, a senior guard from New York, who last summer was one of four college football players sent by the NCAA to visit GIs in Vietnam. On his return, he wrote an article for one of the Notre Dame football programs calling the war "a total waste." Since then he has been flooded with requests to endorse candidates and to speak at political rallies, and the athletic department is quick to cite him as an example of the athlete who really cares. But DiNardo says, "I don't want to be a hero of the New Left. I mean, who's not against this war?"

Notre Dame takes pride in the fact

continued



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Fighting Irish *continued*

that, unlike some major universities, virtually all of its athletes graduate. It has no athletic dormitory, does not redshirt football players and it takes care to channel football proceeds into the university kitty to prevent the athletic department from becoming a power unto itself. There are, to be sure, a few well-known "jock courses" that some athletes gravitate toward "to keep from being worn down," as one football player puts it, and in view of the heavy demand for scholarships, some critics deem it the worst kind of extravagance to award 33 free rides a year to football players who may or may not actually need the money. Father Joyce provides a characteristically direct answer: "It's not a case of either/or with scholarships. With football players there's a return that more than makes up for it."

Old stories persist that Notre Dame football stars toolled around during the 1950s in automobiles, a luxury then denied ordinary students, and it has been documented that some players in the 1920s took off after their Saturday games to play professional ball under assumed names on Sunday. And certainly the show-business atmosphere of Notre Dame's big-time, big-budget football program contrasted jarringly at times with the O'Simon-pure austerity that otherwise prevailed on campus. Yet almost the opposite contrast can be drawn today: at a time when the old values are under siege in other areas of Notre Dame life it is football that stands for discipline, teamwork and fair play.

Not that the great battle raging over those values is decided yet, far from it. "We spent all those years trying to catch up with Harvard, Columbia, Berkeley and the rest," says John Houck, "but they don't seem so sure of themselves anymore, and we're looking inward. Maybe we had something special here all along." With many of the glamour stocks of American education now in the high-risk category, loyalists like Houck must be forgiven if, in their affection for the place, they consider their institution as gilt-edged as the Golden Dome itself. And just maybe they are right. By no coincidence whatever, Notre Dame football helmets are golden, too.

END

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

UCLA AND OTHERS

Sirs:

Congratulations on an outstanding article concerning UCLA basketball and Coach John Wooden (*UCLA: Simple, Awesomely Simple*, Nov. 30). As a player who saw little action from 1966-68, I'm very happy to see you deal realistically with Coach Wooden's player relationships. I'm referring particularly to those comments made by Mike Warren and Fred Slaughter. Coach Wooden is, without doubt, a great coach, but I sincerely feel he could make more of an effort to show an interest in his players as human beings.

NEVILLE SANER

Manhattan Beach, Calif.

Sirs:

Perhaps what is more awesome and more simple than the UCLA way is the battle, silent and deep-rooted, waged between Coach Wooden and the young men wearing the Bruin jerseys. One cannot help but marvel at (and at the same time, raise a question about) the undeniable six-season record of the UCLA mentor. But while he has not been untarnished, Coach Wooden does seem to present himself unscathed as a prevailing force of character and discipline in the midst of these changing times. Hats off to Curry Kirkpatrick for a reporting job par excellence.

TIM GARDNER

Bloomington, Ind.

Sirs:

I enjoyed your article on college basketball. The story about UCLA was excellent and showed me that Coach Wooden and his players are human after all. The UCLA Bruins will and should be No. 1—until South Carolina beats them for the national championship. The Gamecocks are definitely not a second-place team in anybody's league.

LEONARD PAUL

North Charleston, S.C.

Sirs:

Congratulations to SI for being the first magazine to give Long Beach State (No. 8) the recognition it deserves (*The Top 29 Teams*, Nov. 30). The 49ers also do quite well in other sports. They recently upset San Diego State in football to earn a trip to the Pasadena Bowl to face Louisville. During the past year the swimming team finished fifth, the water polo team third and the volleyball team second in NCAA competition. The baseball team also made the NCAA playoffs. Athletics are on the move in Long Beach.

JIM JASPER

Los Angeles

Sirs:

I realize that you will be swamped with revenge letters regarding your preseason college basketball rankings, but let me make one thing perfectly clear: Kansas (No. 18) has already sacked No. 8 Long Beach State. Keep your eyes on the Jayhawks and the rest of the Big Eight.

GORDON WILLEMS

Lawrence, Kans.

Sirs:

Shame, shame. Your offensive team overlooked half of the game of basketball—defense. Army's is and has been tops in the nation. Hold the ball! Only to work for the good shot and then take it and keep the opposition from scoring. Sound logic? It must be, since Army has played in five NITs in six years.

MAJOR G. L. GUNDERMAN, USA

West Point, N.Y.

THE GAME IN UTAH

Sirs:

Congratulations on the fine article about the Utah Stars (*The Stars Earn Their Stripes*, Nov. 30). I'm glad the theory that Utah could not support a major professional basketball team was finally disproved. We've known we could for a long time.

MATT O'BARRANT

Salt Lake City

Sirs:

It was interesting to note that two things have not changed in Utah: 1) The basketball fans are still the greatest, based on a working knowledge of the game; and 2) Jack Gardner of the University of Utah is up to his old tricks of trying to belittle the competition to gain interest in his running Redskins. (If coached at Weber State for eight years.) If he wants to fill his arena he should take a long hard look at his own program instead of deriding professional basketball.

DICK METTA

Coach

The Chicago Bulls

Chicago

OHIO STATE'S REVENGE

Sirs:

Many things have been said about Ohio State Coach Woody Hayes, but his record speaks for itself. What better tribute to a great coach than a 20-9 victory over arch-rival Michigan? And congratulations to Dan Jenkins for his article, *Revenge and Revenge* (Nov. 30). I think Woody would agree that the sportswriters finally got with it.

DOUGLAS R. ANDREWS

New Concord, Ohio

Sirs:

Woody Hayes has been perhaps the most positively influential man in my life. I greatly regret Dan Jenkins not only misquoted what I had said but also took the thoughts I expressed completely out of context in such a manner as to derive their exact opposite meaning. What I actually said was: "... it is a strange thing playing for him. When you are a sophomore, you are scared of him. When you are a junior, you absolutely believe in him. And then, when you become a senior, I don't know what it is, but you start to question some of the things he does. But I'll tell you this. The more I am away from that man, the more I appreciate him. He taught me things about myself that I never realized until later years, when I started getting out into life."

It is too bad that Woody's powerful influence over the hundreds of players that he has coached has never been fairly or accurately presented by any sportswriter.

GARY SANDERS

Vice-President

The E. F. MacDonald Company

Dayton, Ohio

Sirs:

Yes, Mr. Jenkins, the Buckeyes of Woody Hayes may have "retreated" this season from the dazzling attack of 1969, but never did they look "mediocre," and never did the players or fans lose confidence in the greatness of the coaching. Call it cynicism with the schedule and winning or whatever: the passing and option plays were not working as of old, so Woody went back to the game he knows best—the game all coaches know to be the toughest to teach. That is "grinding meat," as you so aptly put it. The late Vince Lombardi exposed the myth that you can't run in the pro game, and built a dynasty in Green Bay. Woody Hayes has built a dynasty at Ohio State with the same tactics. Any coach can put the ball in the air but, as Woody has often said, the team that can move on the ground is the team that wins.

To the intimated fan, the intricacies of coaching ground play from tackle to tackle is a thing to behold, and when you have a master like Woody Hayes at the helm and the seniors he begins, who can ask for more?

C. E. LENBAUGH

Miamisburg, Ohio

LEVIAS VS. THE LEVIATHANS

Sirs:

Thank you for the excellent article on the Houston Oilers' Jerry Levias (*Too Small to Be Overlooked*, Nov. 30), and congratulations to Morton Sharrick for capturing on paper Jerry's unique feelings and emo-

continued



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10TH HOLE *continued*

tions as he competes against men much bigger than he. His frank interpretations of his fears and challenges as a professional football player show the true greatness of Jerry Levas.

Tyler, Texas

RANDY PINNINGTON

THE GIRLS' VERSION

Sirs:

I first turned to the 19th Hole column of your Nov. 30 issue and read Pat Robertson's letter praising three of your past articles—on the *Heul* incident, Booth Luster and Alex Hawkins—as the funniest in the history of pro football and asking, "What will SI ever find for an encore?" Then I read *Pick Up Your Punt, Coach, and Let's Go* by George Packard. I see you have found your encore.

NAL HERSCHFIELD

Miami

Sirs:

It was a fine article, showing that girls can play the sport, too. But, Mr. Packard, lady coaches are not shaped like pieces of athletic equipment. They are skilled and pretty women doing their own thing, which is basketball.

SUSAN PHILLIPPE

Pompton Lakes, N.J.

Sirs:

I am very glad they revised women's and girls' basketball rules. It is much more exciting and enjoyable with five players.

TERRY MUEBAUER

Clifton, Md.

SPORTSMEN

Sirs:

It is my belief that the Sportsman of the Year should be the one who best exemplifies man's ability to excel. He doesn't have to be a winner, as many of the best and most courageous athletes are members of losing teams. My nominee, Jerry West, is not a liner by any stretch of the imagination; however, during his tour in the NBA he has never been on a real winner. Last season he was almost singularly responsible for leading the Los Angeles Lakers to the playoffs and then on to the finals.

FRANK C. VIVIER

Groton, Conn.

Sirs:

I would like to nominate Gordie Howe. He retains the stamina of a 25-year-old in the quickest and probably the most enervating of all team sports, and although he is a member of the 40-plus club, he is no part-time player like Hoyt Wilhelm or George Blanda. Howe is a true team player; Detroit's mediocre records and failure to become a champion have never quelled Gon-

die's desire to endure long winters in smoky arenas, which he has done for 25 years.

LIGONARD JOURDAIN

Hillside, N.J.

Sirs:

I would like to nominate Roberto Clemente. He inspired the Pittsburgh Pirates toward victory only to be defeated, but he does not complain.

MARK OLSON

Brinsels

Sirs:

I would like to nominate Christos Papanicolaou for Sportsman of the Year. His 18-foot pole vault went largely unnoticed in this country, yet this feat will rank as one of the greatest athletic accomplishments of all time.

DEL GANTZ

San Diego

Sirs:

I would like to nominate Tom Dempsey for Sportsman of the Year. His courage and drive should be an inspiration not only to those like him but to the whole world. He proved that the "impossible" can be accomplished.

GARY L. ROSS

Mamaroneck, N.Y.

Sirs:

What better candidate can be offered than Margaret Court? She has won all of the major tennis titles in fine sportsmanlike fashion and has distinguished herself as the year's best tennis player.

MANUEL GARCIA

San Antonio

Sirs:

I would like to place in nomination the names of my co-candidates for Sportsman of the Year. Half my nomination is Dandy Don Meredith. The other, Kerth Jackson, is not an athlete, but he is a sportsman nonetheless.

Why do these two deserve the award? Because, probably just a little more than the rest of us, they must put up with Howard Cosell every Monday night on national television.

DAVID S. HIRSHEN

Reading, Pa.

Sirs:

I would like to nominate that old sport himself, Howard Cosell. His views aren't agreeable to everyone, but at least he stimulates opinion and gets the public thinking about the issues in college and professional athletics.

LARRY MADAY

Evergreen Park, Ill.

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